MAY 13, 1953

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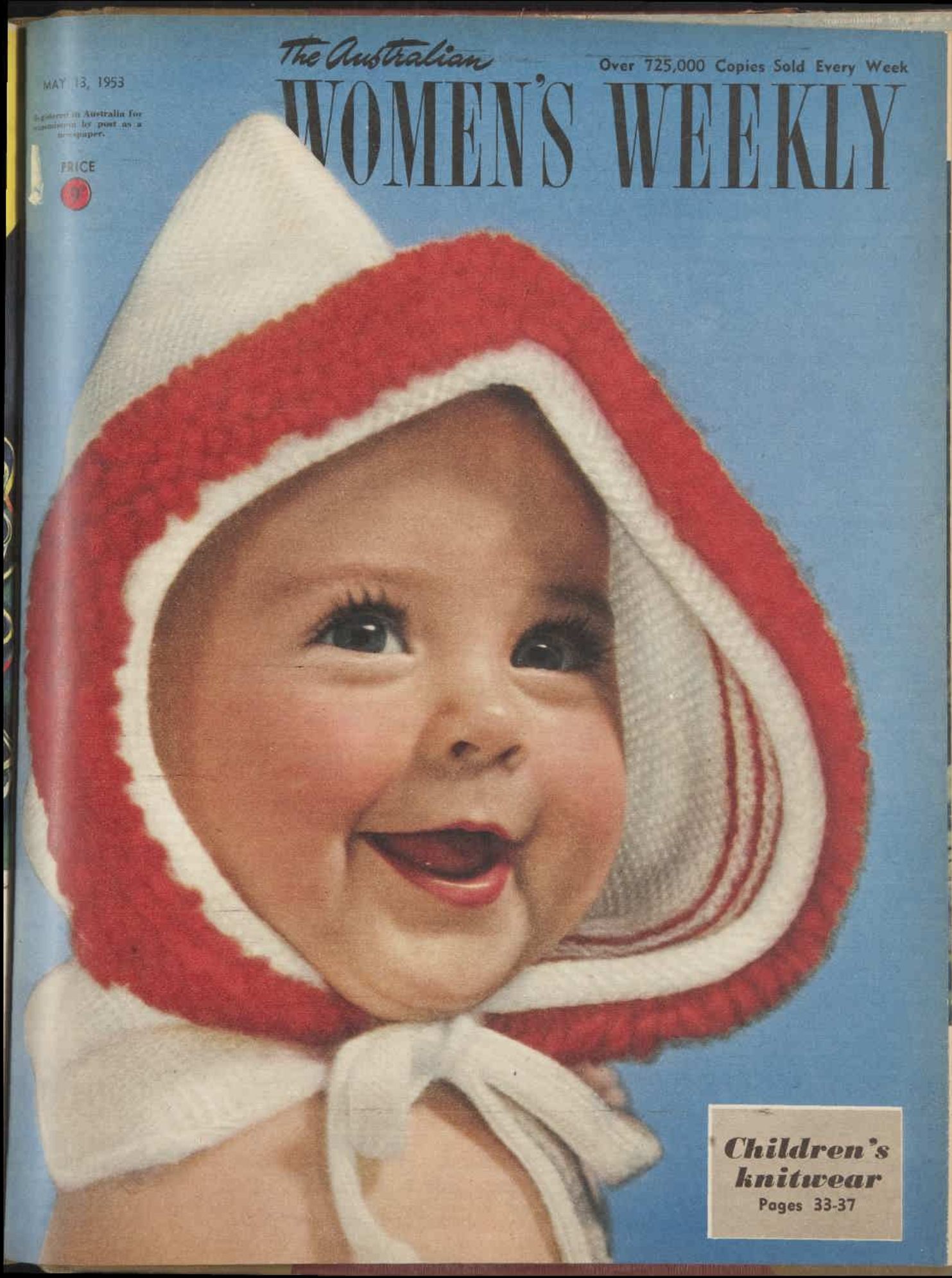

Children's knitwear

Pages 33-37

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PERILOUS PASSAGE

By Arthur Mayse

Paddy, the engaging Irish-Canadian Mountie; Devvy, the worried young owner of a farm on the estuary; and Clint, who is evading the law (in the belief that he has broken it), are involved together in tracking down dope smugglers.

The dreaded whirlpool in the narrow strait is an extra hazard in many exciting situations.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MAY 13, 1953 Vol. 20, No. 50

A LESSON FOR THE PRINCE

THE presence of the Crown Prince of Japan, Prince Akihito, in London for the Coronation is naturally resented by many who were prisoners of the Japanese and others who suffered their brutality.

On his way to England the hostility shown him must have led the Prince to realise that there can be no quick restoration of his people to the comradeship of nations.

Mixed feelings are inevitably aroused on national occasions by the presence of former foes.

Prince Akihito was only a boy when the war was fought. Since then the son of the "Son of Heaven" has had a liberal education along Western lines.

Now he will see the crowning of a young Queen amid the freely bestowed love and admiration of her people.

There will be no organised demonstrations of loyalty, just heartfelt cheers.

Akihito, too, will see something of the wealth and might of Britain and the British Commonwealth, a might which is often obscured but which should never be underestimated.

Perhaps he and other representatives of former enemy nations will gain some understanding of the reasons why Britain and the Dominions fought so long and so bitterly against such overwhelming odds early in World War II.

If the Prince takes this lesson to heart, his postgraduate course in democracy on this trip may well be a stepping-stone on his country's path to democratic living.

Our cover:

● Our cover baby, whose name we do not know, was taken by an overseas photographer, and looks, you will agree, cute in that little pixie hood. We were so taken with the picture that we had the hood copied. You will find directions for making it on page 33, where starts a four-page section of children's knitwear instructions.

This week:

● On pages 16 and 17 you will find a story, illustrated with color pictures, on Tahiti, that French Pacific isle that even in these disillusioned days spells glamor. Staff reporter Betty Best came back from her brief visit there captivated. "With only the beat of native wooden drums for music, the hula girls will perform gyrations all night that would exhaust a European in five minutes," she said. "Their stamina is no accident. The dancing girls are chosen as children and train from the age of three."

Next week:

● To coincide with THE event of next month, an exhibition of dioramas showing Coronations through the ages will be shown in Australia. A diorama is a graphic model which shows a real-life scene in miniature. There are a lot of such representations (of war scenes) in the National War Memorial, Canberra. The Coronation dioramas have been executed by Australian artist Mrs. Clothilde Highton. Next week, in color, we show you some of them.

● Our fashion artist, Rene, has designed a winter wardrobe full of style news and color for next week. The wardrobe is interchangeable and the various "units" can be switched about to suit casual and festive occasions.

● In our cookery section next week we have a page of Chinese recipes specially prepared for us by Mrs. L. M. Wang, wife of the Consul-General for the Republic of China. Chinese-style food is very popular with Australians, and you will be most interested in Mrs. Wang's recipes.

Assassination and intrigue in Soviet Ukraine

Book review by AINSLIE BAKER

GODFREY BLUNDEN is an author who makes heavy demands on his readers and yields remarkably few concessions.

Not only does he ask that they do a lot of the thinking for themselves, but he takes it for granted that they are sufficiently politically informed to follow his increasingly obscure style.

Blunden's third and latest novel, "The Time of the Assassins," is an extremely interesting study of the martyrdom of Ukrainian nationalism.

In the autumn of 1941, Kharkov, the capital of the Ukraine, was taken by the German Army. Sixteen months later the Germans withdrew, and the victorious Red Army marched in as conquerors.

What had happened to the occupied and the occupiers in the meanwhile is the theme of a powerful and sometimes horrifying story.

Although a great deal more is known than formerly about disciplinary measures within the Stalinist Communist Party, many readers will find Blunden's disclosures new and of absorbing interest.

The story's central character is the mysterious "man in the Homburg hat," the Ukrainian-speaking civilian hiding behind dark glasses and an improbable name, who enters Kharkov with the German Army.

When the Germans first entered the city on their sweep through the Soviet Ukraine, many of the suppressed and strongly nationalistic Ukrainians looked upon them as liberators.

But in that reign of terror there were no liberators. The former Communist oppressors who were not hanging in the street were stalked by both the Germans and patriotic Ukrainians.

In turn the former underground patriots who looked for a national resurgence under German protection were stalked by the now underground Communists.

And every Communist, irrespective of his record, was ceaselessly stalked by his fellow party members.

Representing the conflicting underground elements carrying out their merciless work in Kharkov during its 16 months of German occupation are Professor Shevchenko, aged Ukrainian poet and patriot; the woman teacher of a school whose children are mysteriously fed by the Germans; a prostitute; the orphaned son of party parents; and a discredited Communist woman fanatic.

Admirers of Godfrey Blunden's "A Room on the Route" will not be disappointed with "The Time of the Assassins."

A book that requires the closest concentration, it will richly reward those with the staying power to pick their way through the flashback form and wilful obscurity.

The author, a former Sydney journalist and war correspondent, was one of the few newspapermen to enter Kharkov with the Red Army.

He now lives in America, where he is employed as a foreign-news editor on the weekly magazine Time.

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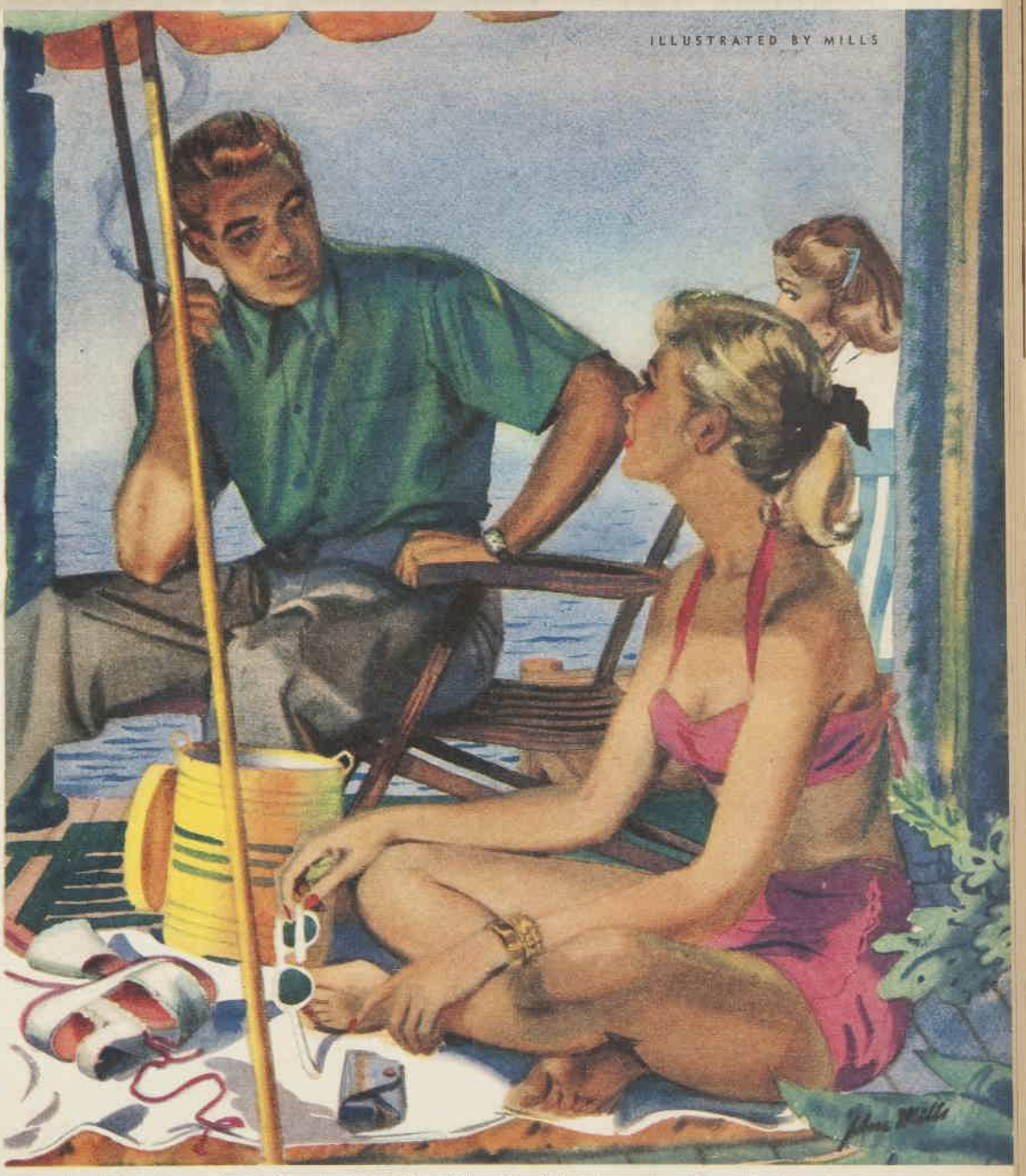
Summer Sweetheart

By Helen Denver

When Stan looked at Liz Janie knew the truth of the old saying, "Two's company, but three's a crowd."



JANIE pulled the loose folds of a white satin blouse against Liz's beautiful curves and secured them at the back with pins. A couple of sharp points jabbed into the firm, warm flesh, and Janie smiled viciously as the model shrieked.

"I wish you'd be more careful," Liz said irritably. "I'll be a mass of scars when you've finished."

"Sorry, but if you'd keep still the pins wouldn't slip. I think that'll do. How's your make-up?"

Liz surveyed herself in the full-length mirror and Janie peered over her shoulder. They saw a tall, olive-skinned girl with blond hair, blue eyes, a straight nose, and full lips. Her superb figure had caused one of her more intellectual admirers to describe her as "a Winged Victory with the head of Helen of Troy."

That Liz had heard of neither the Winged Victory nor Helen of Troy did not prevent her from recognising the compliment.

Apart from photographic modelling one of her few abilities was recognising appreciatively the merest gleam of interest in a man's eye and the faintest suggestion of compliment in his words. Not, mind you, that the interest and praise of men observing Liz were often mere or faint.

Even Janie had to admit that she was beautiful—and Janie did not like her. The reason for this was that she did happen to like a sandy-haired young man named Stan Gifford and he, despite six years spent photographing the most beautiful women in the country, had fallen for Liz like a lump of iron dropped from a ten-story building.

He had seen her first one day when he and Janie were having a quick cup of coffee in a cafe near his studio. Janie was sitting with her back to the door when she saw his eyes bulge at a girl who was just coming in.

"Whew!" he breathed. "What a dish! Janie, will you look at that figure—and those eyes! Ever seen her before?"

Janie surveyed the vision briefly and disliked it on sight. It was too good-looking to be true.

"No."

"She's never done any modelling," Stan said thoughtfully. "I'd remember the figure if I'd seen it. You know, she might be what we want for the Summer Sweetheart series this year. Go find out who she is and tell her to come up to the studio for a couple of test shots at five o'clock."

Janie stood up reluctantly. She had been Stan's assistant for two years—and in love with him for the same length of time. She had never known him to be so enthusiastic about a model before.

She herself was not hard to look at. Approximately five feet tall, she had a slim, well-proportioned figure, an olive skin, and a beautifully boned face. She wore her straight chestnut hair shoulder-length.

Her work as Stan's assistant meant she was combined make-up artist and hairdresser to the models, and secretary, mother-confessor, and soothing influence on her temperamental boss.

At 29, Stan was acknowledged by other cameramen, the general public, and himself to be one of the world's leading fashion photographers. He was a tall, thin man with an infectious grin and cheerful blue eyes.

He possessed a sublime contempt for all models, bullied them incessantly, and pretended not to enjoy it when they came back for more.

Janie was one of the few people to whom he bothered to be polite. This had encouraged her at first, but after a few months she decided that politeness, from him, was merely a form of indifference.

"I am probably," she would tell herself bitterly, "the only moderately good-looking secretary in the world who can say after having worked for the same boss for two years that he has never made even the smallest pass at her—darn it!"

As she strolled towards Liz's table she felt her own good looks pale beside the blond girl's flamboyant beauty.

She summoned up a smile.

"My name's Janie Powell," she introduced herself. "I work for Stan Gifford. You may have heard of him."

Liz, who had stared at her without interest at first, evinced sudden attention when she heard Stan's name.

"The photographer who does those 'Summer Sweetheart' things every year?"

"Yes. He's sitting at the next table. We noticed you and wondered if you'd come up to the studio for a model test this afternoon at five o'clock."

Liz's heavy lashes hooded her eyes.

"I don't know whether I can make it," she said guardedly.

The girl's stupid, thought Janie wearily. That old "don't-be-too-eager" line!

"Here's a card. If you can make it at five Mr. Gifford'll do some test shots of you—but that's not promising anything, you know. We always take tests before engaging a model. If you have an important date, don't worry about it."

She nodded good-bye and went back to Stan.

"Doesn't know whether she can make it," she reported.

"But she's got to make it!" he exploded. "If she photographs anything like she looks she'll be a sensation."

"Oh, be your age. Of course she'll

To page 52

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PRIDE OF SEVEN

By ROBERT W. KREPPS

THE SHEEP was my friend, and I was worried about him. For related reasons I felt uneasy about the lions. Sooner or later one of these problems would be solved, and I honestly couldn't make up my mind which one I wanted it to be.

You see, if The Sheep killed a lion, the first worry would be over; whereas if he didn't kill a lion, that would finish the second.

I was living upcountry with the Masai; or perhaps I should say I was spending half my time with them and half with the lions. The Masai are a nomadic people of great pride, much beauty, and a congenital dislike for work of any sort.

As a general thing, they despise anyone who hasn't had the luck to be born Masai, but for one reason and another they tolerated me.

I spoke their language—learned it before I ever came to their country, from a fellow down at the Cape—and that pleased them no end, especially when they found I wasn't a missionary, but a loafing, lazy creature like themselves. I was actually working on a book about South Africa, but you can't explain that to a Masai.

Well, I settled down in one of their long, low, mud-plastered wood houses, which are unlike other native huts in that they are divided into private apartments.

I got the women to fix a neat brushwood bed-frame with soft hides for blankets; I acquired a cooking-pot and some gourds for milk, and bought a cow. I used to sit in the sun with the warriors and the old men, swapping awful lies and making notes for the book, and sometimes it would strike me that I'd never been more contented in my life.

There was one man whom I particularly liked, a wiry, well-made youth with finely cut features, whose looks were marred only by the usual lack of two lower front teeth; the Masai have been knocking these teeth out ever since the days when lockjaw was prevalent among them and a way had to be found to feed the victims.

It's a mark of elegance with them now, like the frightful stretched lips of the old-time Ubangi. This young fellow, though quite intelligent and presentable, seemed to be held in scorn by the warriors and, worse, by the girls.

I began our friendship in pity, and soon discovered a calmly philosophical spirit in him that was most pleasing. His name, or perhaps nickname, was En-gerr: The Sheep.

He had recently gone through the ceremonies that take a Masai from the ranks of the boys and make him a warrior, il-muran. He carried a long-bladed spear and a leaf-shaped sword, wore a goat-stomach cap and a vulture-feather cape, ankle fringes of white monkey's fur, and the horn arm clamp which none but a fighter may wear.

The only thing missing in his costume was the great headdress of ostrich feathers and lion's mane. He had never killed a lion. That was the reason he was disdained.

I couldn't believe that he was a coward. When I had known him a while I asked him bluntly why he had not sought out his lion (in the bad old days it used to be a man you had to kill) and proved himself worthy to be called a warrior.

Looking me straight in the eyes, he said, "I have not felt like it." It was unorthodox in a Masai, but I knew it was the truth. En-gerr simply had a mind of his own.

If he'd been a member of another tribe, this delay wouldn't have mattered a scrap. The Masai muran, however, since he cannot now legally slay men, concentrates all his arrogant manhood in his prowess with lions. A warrior who puts off his first fight is little better than a woman.

I've mentioned the lions, the ones I was worried about. I had been living in the village for three weeks, or it might have been four, when I discovered them.

After that I spent a good deal of my time stretched out on the warm grass of a hilltop, in the shade of a couple of thorny, broad-crowned acacia trees, watching them. When the Masai found how I was occupying my days, they were more convinced than ever that I was a natural-born drone.

I'd go out around ten in the morning, wearing red-lined khaki drill and a double-brimmed felt hat to keep out the sun, with heelless Dutch veldschoen of cowhide that made no noise when I walked; I'd take some dried fruit to munch on, and maybe a gourd of sweet milk. Making a wide circle, I would come to my hill from the opposite side to the lions' lolling-place.

It took a while to climb it, for it was steep and tricky. At last I would reach the top and sprawl out under the acacias and look down at the bowl of cool, damp bush below me, and there would be the lions. Rarely was I disappointed. They were nearly always there, the whole pride of seven.

Pride is an old word for a troop of lions, and may even be obsolete, for all I know, but I like it. What other word befits the king so well?

There are many places in Africa where the lion still reigns. One of these—to my mind the finest of the lot—is the great rolling savanna of East Africa inhabited by the Masai.

Hot on the hills, cool in the valleys, all greens from olive to emerald, it pulses with its strange alien life beneath a sky that is higher and more blue than you ever see it elsewhere.

Hundreds of millions of animals darken the land, eating and breeding and travelling and dying from year's end to year's end. Over these inexhaustible hordes rules the lion.

The leader of my pride was a tawny beast, not of the really golden shade, but more the color of a well-used bar of yellow laundry soap. He was big—nearly five hundred pounds, I judged him—with a thick, tangled mane that flung back grandly from his forehead, and a hogshead of a chest all seamed with long-healed scars.

He was a superb creature, just going into the last years of his prime. Ordinarily I deplore the gratuitous giving of names to wild animals, names that are often coy and silly; but in his case I couldn't say merely "the old one" or "the big fellow," so I called him El Asfar, which is Algerian Arabic for a tawny lion.

It sounded rather grand. Arabic does, especially if, like me, you understand no more than a dozen words.

He had a pair of wives, fine large beauties both. Then there was a younger male, brown with a black mane, smaller and lighter on his feet and more restless than El Asfar. He had a wife, too, a scrubby, dun-colored lioness with a wall-eye, who nagged and fought with him.

There was a very old sway-backed female who was probably a relative, for lions have a strong family instinct and take care of their own.

To round out the pride, there was a cub that was just learning to kill for himself, a beast who would be a walloping giant when he got his growth, which was slow coming, for although he was well over a year old his paws were still too big for him.

They never did much of anything during the day, just lazed around and talked to themselves and stared at butterflies, and such little activities; but I loved to watch them.

As a flawlessly organised apparatus of energy, combining tremendous brawn with graceful beauty and nimble intelligence, the lion has no peer in Africa. How could one tire of viewing perfection?

I used to lie there until the sun had touched the rim of the plain, and then have to hurry home to the village before the lions set out to stalk their night's meal.

So long as I stayed on the hilltop I was perfectly safe, for a lion almost never looks up, and, besides, they would have had to scale a long stretch of bare rock to get at me, and sun-cooked rock burns a lion's pads till he nearly goes mad. In case of a showdown, of course, I always had my rifle handy, but it never came to that.

I did, indeed, run slap into El Asfar one morning, as he was ambling home from an all-night gorge of zebra. Had it been the younger, nervous Black Mane, I think I would have shot at once, for I never trusted his looks; but as it was the patriarch I just stopped in my tracks to stare at a fluff of cloud and whistle a small tuneless tune, as though the last thing in my mind was the possibility of a lion being within fifty miles.

By and by El Asfar gave a grunt and walked round me, and I watched him go, full belly flopping from side to side, until he had disappeared.

This trick of ignoring a surprised lion I learned from an old hunter, who said it would work nine times out of ten. The tenth lion is the one to dread.

When I told the warriors about this incident—bragging is an honorable pastime among the Masai—my stock rose with them, because they said I obviously had the true feeling for lions. My friend En-gerr seemed fascinated by the story, and made me tell him all over again about the seven big cats who lay up below the hill.

We were having a noon snack: rice and tea for me and a noisome concoction of warm blood and milk, which forms the basic Masai diet, for En-gerr. Nothing would satisfy him but that we take our weapons and go out immediately to have a look at the pride.

So off we went, The Sheep and I, to a chorus of jeering yells: "Observe, En-gerr goes to stare from a distance upon ol-ngatuny, whom he dares not face in battle!" and much more of the same savage small-boy humor. My friend ignored them with equanimity.

We came to the hill and climbed it, peered over the edge together. All seven of my lions were at the retreat. I looked over at En-gerr and saw his lean, clever face alight with pleasure.

He, too, had the feeling for lions, not

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not only the sportsmanlike respect for a worthy rival that is common among his people, but also, I thought, a kind of reverence for the lithe, perfect kings of the cat tribe, a heathen fealty paid to these masterworks of the gods.

His brown eyes were wide and worshipping. I was glad that I had brought him.

We stayed on the hill for a couple of hours, and were rewarded by a sight I should not like to have missed.

For some time I had had the uncomfortable feeling that the black-maned male was the real boss of the troop, for all the size and majesty of El Asfar, because Black Mane was as cocky and insolent a brute as ever drew breath. He would stalk round and round the lying-up place, growling and making eyes at the old man's wives, and El Asfar, with his paws curled in like a kitten's, would blink and yawn and look bored. I feared that, for all his obvious strength, he must be past his prime, or he would never have endured such impudence.

To-day he had brought home a bloody haunch of eland, a meat to which his clan is very partial. (Don't tell me that a lion never carries off part of his kill. There is nothing that a lion never does, unless it be flying.)

He had been gnawing thoughtfully at this trophy, and then, growing thirsty, had gone off to the stream to lap up a little warm water. Returning, he discovered that the nervy Black Mane had appropriated the eland haunch.

"Now we will see who is chief," En-gerr whispered in my ear.

El Asfar trotted over and lowered his head until his flaring nostrils were within six inches of Black Mane's face. Then he roared, simply roared.

The chances are that you have never heard a lion roar. You may have heard them calling in the zoos, and that noise is only a grunt, fearful though it seems to you.

The lion's cough, too, is a full-bodied boom of sound. Yet his vocal cords, marvellous instruments backed by the great echo chamber of his barrel, can do much more than grunt and cough; they can produce a roar that would make a thunderclap envious.

El Asfar, as I say, roared. It was a shattering crash of a roar, an angry blast that literally shook the air where

To page 32

The lion looked steadily at En-gerr, who, with a dramatic gesture, lifted up his weapons in both hands.

Illustrated by BROAD HURST

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"Yippee! We're off to Uncle Jack's farm"

WHAT a wonderful new world has been brought within easy reach of today's kids by the family car. Within a few short hours they can be exploring mountain and stream, roaming far away seashores, or learning how life is lived on Uncle Jack's farm.

The family car has become so much part of our lives that we are apt to overlook the work of the people who have made it possible.

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Aunt Sal knew it was an old story but it would be news for Frankie's wife.

Final Edition

BY WILLIAM BRANDON

"I won't say nothing," said Aunt Sal to a suddenly frightened Frankie, "but don't forget it takes two to play a game."

HER name was Aunt Sal. She ran the news stand on the corner by the subway entrance and had run it for as long as the oldest traveller on the 8.10 could remember.

She was a laughing, neatly dressed old woman. She treasured a baseball cap given her by Babe Ruth, and when she walked she leaned on a sporty cane that had been a gift from "Little Flower" La Guardia.

Whether she had really known these two eminent characters and whether they had actually given her the cap and the cane were details no one really knew and cared less. What was of more interest were the stories she could tell about either. Friendly stories, of course. There wasn't a malicious bone in Aunt Sal's sturdy little form.

Aunt Sal's news stand and her friends were her whole life. She had so many friends she could afford a couple of enemies. Her enemies were a pearl-grey little man named Frankie, called The Fixer, and his wife, Minnie.

Frankie dwelt in the seam that sews together the bottom fold of local politics with the underworld. He was afraid of Aunt Sal and would have let her alone if it hadn't been for Minnie.

His wife was a double-chinned woman with hair dyed a brilliant red, and Aunt Sal had once said good-naturedly to her, "My, ain't it a poor grade of henna you get nowadays?" and Minnie had tried to reach in the stand and slap her, and Aunt Sal had slugged Minnie with her cane.

From that day on, Minnie had one purpose and that was to get Aunt Sal out of the news stand. She wasn't going to be mixed up in it herself, but she drove Frankie to the task of running Aunt Sal out.

It wasn't a task he took up willingly, but although he was afraid of Aunt Sal he was even more afraid of his big, domineering wife, who bullied him night and day. Everyone was sure that only the fact that Minnie had a bit of money tucked away kept him with her.

Frankie began by finding and buying up a personal note of Aunt Sal's and demanding immediate payment. Aunt Sal countered that by going to her friends in the bank around the corner, and the bank took the note over for her.

But it occurred to Frankie to wonder why Aunt Sal had needed to borrow money. Patient investigation turned up a niece in California whose husband, an accountant, had unsuccessfully turned to embezzling to cover some heavy betting losses.

Aunt Sal had raised the money to repay his theft, and the niece and her husband were now starting over again in another State.

What interested Frankie was the fact that Aunt Sal's money had kept the embezzlement absolutely quiet. The husband's new employers didn't know of it; his half-grown children didn't know of it; the niece's mother, who was Aunt Sal's sister, didn't know of it.

Frankie made no outright threat to expose the buried crime to all these people. He, Frankie, wouldn't think of informing them, but rather thought Minnie might do it if he should happen to mention his discoveries to her.

It was clear there was only one way for Aunt Sal to buy his silence.

"It ain't as if you're getting a bad price," Frankie said.

"Price? Who cares about price?" Aunt Sal snatched for a handkerchief, and Frankie dodged back, in mind of her cane. "It'll kill me to give up my stand, and you know it."

Frankie shrugged his dapper shoulders and carefully considered his well-kept nails. It was obvious from his fingers that all the dirty work which kept Frankie so busy wasn't done with his hands.

They settled the terms by which she would sell out, and it was arranged that Frankie would take the stand over immediately at the close of the day's business.

He went away, and Aunt Sal wept for a while, a thing she hadn't done for thirty years. But that wouldn't do. The evening rush was about to begin. She would be seeing her friends for the last time, and she couldn't let them carry away a picture of her stuffing her handkerchief in her mouth and howling.

She would rather think of something to do for her special friends on this last day. Something that would make them all a little happier for a minute, maybe, so they would have a memory of that same feeling whenever they thought of her.

She went over a number of ideas, and at last took her cane and made her way to her furnished room and came back with an armload of old newspapers, out-of-date issues she had saved in honor of various forgotten occasions.

What could be a better gift than, for just one day, selling old news for new? Old news that would come to life, if only for an instant, to take the place of the news of the present, and perhaps even leave a little better taste for the present when it receded.

There was Bernie, the monkey-faced little cab-driver from the nearby taxi stand. He dashed up, snatched the sports final edition of the "Advertiser" and trotted back to his cab, thumbing the paper open to the sports section.

Bernie led a melancholy existence, beosuse his ball club was the Washington Senators, and he was consequently a dejected minority in a world peopled with fat and successful Dodger and Yankee and Giant fans, so on this evening Aunt Sal gave him an "Advertiser" from the year 1924, when a certain Walter Johnson was burning up the league, and the World Series, for the Senators.

She thumbed through her old papers with one hand, while she carried on the usual run of business with the other, and for Mr. Pennarion, who wore high collars and pince-nez, and who always flipped his "Dispatch" open immediately to the stock market news, she selected a "Dispatch" dated October 29, 1929.

That should make him think the market to-day was pretty good by comparison, she thought.

Mr. Pennarion said, "Good evening, Aunt Sal." Aunt Sal said, "Hallo, there," and gave him his paper. He opened it and walked away, reading. Then he stopped and adjusted his glasses with a trembling hand and stood still as he read on.

It was while searching for an old newspaper appropriate for Pat and Patsy O'Ryan, who had played the Palace with their soft-shoe routine but hadn't worked now for years, that she was startled to find one which would make an ideal gift for Frankie The Fixer.

Frankie showed up while Mr. Pennarion and Bernie were both back at her stand, explaining, still somewhat shocked, that they had somehow got out-of date newspapers.

Aunt Sal said it must have been an accident, and for them to give back their old newspapers, and take new ones. However, they both decided they would rather keep the old papers they had. Mr. Pennarion said his perspective had had a genuine readjustment.

"That's fine, whatever it means," Aunt Sal said. "I'm glad you're glad, and good night—you're blocking traffic."

Frankie stuck his head in the stand and asked her what was going on, and Aunt Sal said she was just trying to give some presents to her best friends.

She said, "I picked out some old papers I thought they might like to have. I even found one for you." She gave Frankie an "Express" of 1934. She said, "It's got your picture in it. I just happened to see it."

Frankie said suspiciously, "Since when am I one of your best friends?" Then he looked at the photograph of himself on the back page of the paper. His Adam's apple moved up and down. Aunt Sal watched him.

It was a photograph of Frankie, but the name under the picture was George, not Frank. The caption over it read: "Boston Bigamist Sought."

Frankie said in a whisper, "Have you told anyone else about seeing this?"

"I was waiting for you to tell me if Minnie knew about it," Aunt Sal said. "I see she don't."

Frankie said, "If she finds out she'll kill me."

Aunt Sal breathed a deep sigh of relief. She said, "Then we're even?"

Frankie rolled up the newspaper and hid it under his coat. "You don't say nothing, Sal, I won't say nothing."

"I won't say nothing, but it takes two to play a game, so beat it," Aunt Sal said, reaching for her cane; but Frankie was gone.

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ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

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The Hand and Flower

WHEN the members of the Hand and Flower Darts Club set off for a day trip to France, shepherded by genial FRED COLLINS, proprietor of The Hand and Flower "pub," they seem to be heading for a pleasant social excursion. But their private concerns are mostly far removed from the simplicity of the dart game.

CHARLEY BREWER, coalman captain of the team, is out to find the alluring "mademoiselles" with whom he imagines France to be peopled. There is a strong antagonism between embittered midget "SHORTY" and wealthy LUKE GRENFELL, who represents all that Shorty would like to be. TREVOR HILGROVE has planned a smart smuggling deal.

JIM CARVER, restless and unsettled since his pal GEORGE HOLDEN was killed during the war, has drifted into a half-hearted romance with CHERRY MITCHELL, the green-grocer's daughter. He has joined the expedition to visit George's grave, and Cherry, piqued by his indifference and her father's insistence that it is time Jim "said something," arranges a meeting with a former beau.

When the club members disembark at Boulogne, Jim explains to Mr. Collins that he is going off alone on private business before lunch. NOW READ ON:

COMING out of the Customs Hall, Jim Carver stood for a moment breathing in the smell of the harbor. A little man with a peaked cap and a number of gold teeth sidled up to him with an ingratiating smile, and asked in comprehensive English if he could be of assistance.

"Yes, I think you can." Jim was suddenly shy. He shifted his feet and said lamely, "I'm going to have a stroll and a drink, and then, sometime, I'd like to find the cemetery where the British soldiers are."

"You desire which place, Monsieur?"

"The sort of cemetery place." It occurred to him that George Holden would split his sides laughing if he could see him now. He said doggedly, "What I want is the cemetery where they put the British soldiers who were killed. Compris?"

"You desire the cimetiere?"

"Yes. That's right. I've said so three times. The cimetiere anglais. Where they buried our chaps."

The man looked at him with sudden understanding.

"I understand your words, Monsieur. Me also, I was a soldier." He drew himself up with a touch of pride. "Artilleur, moi. But" —he shrugged—"the cimetiere is not a very gay place, not even on a day of sunshine. You will be more 'appy in a cafe, in Chez Poupette, for example, which is gay all the time. But it is as you wish . . ."

He turned and pointed. "You go by this way and then you cross over the bridge. You see la cathedrale? It is more 'igh than that. You climb upwards all the time. Wait. You desire a taxi? It is better you go in a taxi. I 'ave a friend 'oo 'as a taxi."

"No, thanks. I'd rather walk."

"As you wish. When you arrive in the town, you ask someone."

"What do I ask for?"

"Wait. I write it for you. Then you show the card to someone and 'e . . . she will speak you the direction. I give you now my card."

He wrote the words "CIMETIERE DE L'EST in spidery capitals on a grubby card that had on the front

MAURICE SEVRIER
Taxis: All informations:
English spokken: Specialities

"Thanks very much." Jim hesitated. "Cigarette?"

"Thank you very much, Monsieur."

"Take the packet. And thanks again."

"It was a pleasure."

He turned as Charley Brewer, first through the Customs, emerged from the Buvette, having celebrated his arrival in France with two large glasses of benedictine, topped up with green chartreuse. With a practised and expectant eye, Maurice instantly took in every detail from bowler hat to drooping nose, to gym shoes. He swept off his peaked cap and every gold tooth took on an extra sparkle.

"Bonjour, Milord!"

"Speak English, mate?"

"Oh, yes. Very good. I 'ave many friends, all English people. All English people 'oo come to Bolougne know me, English lords, ladies, sirs, all sorts. You desire steak-and-chip, seelk stockings, some post card? You desire French parfum, bananas, French liqueurs?"

"Listen, mate," said Charley Brewer.

He whispered confidentially in Maurice's receptive ear. Maurice heaved a deep sigh, and his face took on a look of the deepest dolor. He spread his hands in despair.

"Il . . . n'y . . . a . . . pas," he said with finality. "They . . . do . . . not exist. Not since the war. In this respect Boulogne is dead. But one day, this fool gouvernement is finish and we 'ave again in Boulogne—I 'ope. But, pay attention, Monsieur. When we 'ave bought seelk stockings, parfum, banana and post-cards, we go together to Chez Poupette and we look. I 'ave many friends, and 'oo knows, we find per'aps someone. O.K.?"

"Charley Brewer," said the voice of Mr. Collins wearily, "did I tell you, or did I not, to keep yourself to yourself?"

"I was only asking this gentleman a civil question," said Charley bitterly. "Only a civil question."

"Well, pack it up and come on with the boys. You don't want to miss your nice dinner, do you?"

"Sugar my nice dinner," said Charley. He lifted his bowler to the disappointed Maurice. "Stick around, mate, and maybe I'll see you later."

Jim Carver walked slowly along the quayside. The air was heavy with the smell of fish and of the sea. He looked across the water, through the tangle of masts and spars and brown nets drying, to where the hotels and cafes had once stood with their striped awnings and their bay-trees in pots and their little round tables, the checkered table-cloths fluttering in the wind, and their teeming life.

Where were the sunburned, black - shawled, white - aproned women who used to sit behind their laden stalls of silver fish straight from the sea, with live, blue-black lobsters crawling over the gasping, gill-dilating piles, and buckets of strange, submarine creatures?

Here was desolation. Weeds grew from the rubble of the Hotel Splendide. As far as the eye could see stretched the broken levels of war, grey as they were forlorn.

But now for the town, some flowers, and George Holden. With great concerity he stopped at a tobacco-and-magazine kiosk presided over by an elderly lady in black satin and began to marshal his French.

To Jim's mingled discomfiture and relief, the woman at once addressed him in fluent Cockney and sold him a packet of Gauloises wrapped up in Les Nues des Folies-Bergere. She also directed him to a florist which was open on Sundays and on the way to the Cimetiere de l'Est.

Carefully following her directions, Jim made his way past the stone prison with its narrow cobbled bridge over a long-dry moat and its forbidding door, turned up a sloping hill, and saw a cafe on the corner. It stood back from the road, in the shadow of chestnut trees, and its name was the Cafe des Marronniers.

Inside it was cool and moist after the hot sun outside, and the air was scented by many flowers. An old woman, sitting in the back of the shop, gave him a brief, perfunctory smile. "Monsieur?"

He said, stammering a little: "Je veux des fleurs."

"Bien," she said without interest, "nous avons des roses, des oeillets, des hortensias, des pensee . . . Quelle sorte desirez-vous, Monsieur?"

In this horticultural catalogue, Jim clutched desperately at the one word he understood. "Les roses . . . s'il vous plait."

The old woman smiled again and stood up, and waddled over to a vase of red roses. As she picked them out, one by one, she asked, looking round: "Combien de roses voulez-vous, Monsieur? Elles coutent quatre-vingt-dix francs la piece. Vous en voulez une douzaine?"

How much did that make? It didn't matter. He said, not knowing at all what it would cost: "Oui, oui. A dozen."

"Bien, Monsieur."

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Second instalment of a four-part serial by JERRARD TICKELL

The roses were dark red and lovely on their long, thorny stalks. The old woman shook them, and a shower of tiny drops of water flashed across the shaft of sunshine and sprinkled the tiled floor. She held up the flowers for him to see. "Voila, Monsieur. C'est pour offrir?"

Now what on earth did that mean? Were they to offer? Of course they were. Did the old coven—the Cotswold word came suddenly—think he was going to wear them in his buttonhole or throw them away? He said, with a thread of irritation in his voice: "Oui, oui."

"Bien. On va faire un joli bouquet."

She waddled back to the counter and took a large sheet of cellophane and some green string and began to make up the roses into the sort of ghastly thing that men give to film stars. Jim watched her, frowning, not realising at first what she was doing. He said sharply: "Ce n'est pas necessaire."

"Mais c'est pour une dame."

The old woman thought he was buying flowers for his girl-friend. He struggled to find the words.

"Non, non. Pas une dame. Non. Pour mon ami."

She looked at him strangely. "Pour votre ami?"

"Oui, oui. Pour mon ami dans le . . . le . . ." — he glanced wildly at the card Maurice had given him —"dans le Cimetiere de l'Est. Mon ami est un anglais soldat qui est mort. Sergeant George Holden. Now fini. Mort. Compris?"

The old woman gazed at him for a full minute without speaking. Suddenly she smiled in a manner that was wholly kind, wholly understanding. In a flash he had become a person in her eyes. Carefully she folded up the crumpled paper and put it away, and wrapped up the roses in plain white paper. She held them out to him: "Voila, Monsieur."

"Merci beaucoup. . . . Um . . . combien?"

"Rien du tout, Monsieur."

He didn't understand. He said: "Oui, oui. Mais combien?"

She said in a soft flow of words: "J'ai dit—'rien du tout'. C'est avec plaisir qu'on offre les fleurs de France pour le tombeau d'un soldat anglais."

He stared at her. From the shadowed back of the shop a man's voice spoke gutturally. Jim had not seen that there was anyone there. "My wife says that it is a pleasure to offer, to give, the flowers of France for the grave of an English soldier."

"Your wife is very kind," Jim lifted his hand, let it fall helplessly. "Very kind."

The man came out of the shadow. He was perhaps fifty, plump, and in his shirt-sleeves.

He said: "No. We are proud to give. You are English?"

"Yes. English."

"You will find many English up there." He jerked a thumb towards the hill. "I was with the English. Ils se sont battus commes des lions. They 'ave fought like lions. If you wish to give, to pay something, give to the cathedrale, pour les pauvres. There are many poor people in Bolloigne, Monsuer."

"I will, and thank you again."

He was out in the sunny street, the flowers in his hand. And there were people about who said that the French were mean.

. . . . . .

"Now, gentlemen," said Fred Collins, "we're all here with the exception of Jim Carver, who's got a bit of private business to attend to, and dinner will be on in a minute. Charley, it's no good asking the waitress anything. She can't speak English. Do come back and sit down. We'll carry on with the tomato soup without Jim, and I'd suggest a nice glass of sherry all round. Charley, come and sit down. I tell you, she can't speak English . . ."

"She don't 'ave to," said Charley.

. . . . . .

The wind that had dropped earlier in the morning was rising again as Jim walked through the open gates of the Cimetiere de l'Est. Somewhere among these acres of polyglot dead lay George Holden, and it occurred to Jim that George would take a bit of finding.

The French graves really were a bit much. Stone cherubs, looking slightly decadent, clasped their carved fingers and stared sightlessly upwards, poised for flight. There were squadrons of petrified angels, dozens of agonised Christs, a host of open Bibles, some of them with actual photographs of the deceased let into the stone.

Jim stopped by one of these and read the inscription. On the right-hand page of the stone Bible was engraved: "Victime du Gestapo le 28 avril 1943." And on the left-hand page, "Michel Dessalle, Seminariste, 1920-1943." A priest, too. Poor devil.

Jim walked on. He saw a long avenue of shaven grass, very fresh and green, and made his way to it. It ran between rows of graves, the ones on the right being French, and on the left British. The British were very neat and formal. Each sunken tombstone had a name and a military cap-badge carved into the stone. Here lay Riflemen, Royal Engineers, Camerons, Connaught Rangers, Australians, Grenadiers, Canadians, Hussars, New Zealanders, Gunners, there was hardly a regiment or a corps that gave allegiance to Britain that had not sent a representative to sleep on this hillside over Boulogne—thirty years ago.

Jim had looked at many of the graves before he realised that these were the men who had died in the war to end wars, and that he must search elsewhere for George Holden, who had bought it in the last scramble, in the war to begin wars. He stayed for a little while. There were wallflowers and great, tight clusters of blue and purple and orange-colored flowers whose name he didn't know. The wind off the sea was fresh and cool and there were larks singing. A chap could be in a worse place.

With great diffidence, he asked an old man wheeling a barrow if he could direct him to the anglais soldats qui est morts dans la guerre avec Hitler. Like so many people in Boulogne, the man spoke English. He set down his wheelbarrow and said: "Please come. I will show."

As they walked along together,

To page 10

"You can't be Marie-Josephe," Jim said, gazing at the girl in unbelief. "Marie-Josephe is only a little girl."

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

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Continuing . . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 9

the man talked to Jim. He spoke of conditions in Boulogne and how bad they were. "We were bombarded by everybody, English Navy, R.A.F., Germans, Americans. It was not good to be in Boulogne then and also to-day it is not good." They passed by a square of grass bare as a tennis court, and Jim asked what it was. It looked so very empty in this tangled forest of tortured stone.

The man said shortly: "The Germans were there. Now they have been exhumed and taken home—out of France. It is better so."

"Yes. I suppose so."

Women, most of them dressed in black, moved quietly along the pathways between the graves, carrying jugs of water and scissors and flowers. They were as remote as nuns. The man stopped by a stony pathway and pointed.

"They are there, Monsieur. Your compatriots—and mine. Au revoir."

"Au revoir. Thank you very much."

Jim walked along the pathway, past the lines of crosses, reading each name. Here was one inscribed simply, "Unknown British soldier," and beside him, as if by chance, "Soldat francais inconnu." Well, those two would certainly have a lark, swapping identity discs . . . upstairs.

There were a lot of R.A.F., an awful lot, and a lot of R.A.F. (Polish) as well. The Sappers and the R.A.S.C. hadn't done too well, either. Suddenly Jim stopped dead. There was old George at last.

His grave lay beside that of yet another "Soldat francais inconnu." Jim said softly, "Hallo, you old so-and-so."

His regimental number slanted on the upright of the cross, with his name on the horizontal and the date of his death below. 10132012 Sergeant George Holden, 25th Lancers, 10.12.44. Yes, that was right. All correct, Sergeant. He'd nothing to put the roses in, no vase or anything, so he thought he'd just leave them on the grave.

As he bent down, he was aware that he was being watched—and by a woman at that. Unlike most of the women about the cemetery, this one was quite young and not in black. Pity she'd nothing better to do than to watch him. He wished she'd push off and mind her own business.

He said under his breath, "Well, bung-oh, George," and turned abruptly.

The woman was still there. He passed within a yard of her, marching rather than walking now. As he stepped out she spoke to him.

"Excuse me, please."

He didn't want to talk to anybody then, man or woman; he stopped and swung round on his heel. He said curtly: "Yes. What do you want?"

She came towards him. She was young, about twenty or twenty-one. Her eyes were long-lashed, and she was dark and she walked with great grace. All that he saw in a moment of time. She stood opposite him, looking at him with a candid glance.

"Excuse me, please. But you are Sergeant Carver, Sergeant Jim Carver of the 25th Lancers?"

He stared at her. "Yes, I . . . I am. Well, as a matter of fact, I'm not Sergeant Carver any more. I'm simply Jim Carver. But . . . who are you?"

Suddenly her eyes danced. She held out her hand, laughing. "I am Marie-Josephe."

Jim Carver looked with unbelief at the graceful girl.

He said to her, his lean face solemn: "But you can't be Marie-Josephe. Marie-Josephe is only a little girl."

"She was a little girl. Now she is . . . is grown up."

He saw the almost imperceptible pulse that beat in her throat and the thin gold chain with a medal of Our Lady that she wore. He said slowly, shaking his head, smiling: "I still don't believe it."

"You wish me to prove to you that I am who I say, that I am Marie-Josephe? Wait. I will do so." She looked around and waved her hand as if to encompass the vast host of the dead. "They won't mind. Listen, please."

He knew instantly what he would hear and he heard it. Her voice was small and husky.

"Savez-vous planter les choux,
A la mode, a la mode?
"Savez-vous planter les choux,
A la mode de chez nous?"

As she finished her song, Marie-Josephe smiled at Jim. "Now do you know?" she asked.

"Yes, now I know. I know, but I still find it hard to believe that it is really you. You are so . . . so——"

"Explain."

He lifted his hand. He said lamely, conscious of her springing body: "You are very different. Of course, come to think of it, it is seven years. But I have always thought of you as you were, in a cotton frock and a pinafore. You wore that medal then, too, the same one. I remember so well your cotton frock and your pinafore."

"And you were in khaki uniform with a black beret with a badge of two . . . two lances and the King's crown. When you went away, you gave me the badge to wear. I have it still."

"That's true. I gave you mine and I took George Holden's cap-badge instead . . . when he didn't need it any more."

"You have not changed at all. When I saw you, I was nearly sure immediately. Then when you stood up and did not walk but marched, then I was quite sure. It was like when you made a parade in our orchard, before you ran to your tanks."

"But you must have known thousands of soldiers, of our chaps."

"That is true. But only one gave me the thing from his beret, the badge of two lances with the crown of the English King. So I always remembered Sergeant Jim Carver — of the 25th Lancers. Please, what are you doing in Boulogne?"

"There's a long story and I'm only here for the day. We all go back to-night, on the 6.15 boat. It's a thing called a Darts Club Outing."

She shook her head, mystified. "What is a Darts Club?"

"It's a sort of game we play in pubs, in The Hand and Flower."

"Le Main et Fleur," she said softly. "That is very pretty. The game I don't understand. And why do you play this foolish game in the Cimetiere de l'Est?"

To his astonishment, he heard himself say: "You have become quite like a flower yourself, Marie-Josephe. And I don't play darts here. I came to see a friend, the man whose cap-badge I wore . . . Well, not to see him personally, but to see where he is. I've just left the place." He wrinkled up his eyes in the bright and windy sun. "What are you doing here?"

"Come. I will show."

He walked beside her along the sandy path, glancing at her. She stopped at the end of a row, the same row in which George Holden lay. She said: "There. That is why I have come."

It was a cross, as simple as old George's; it said: "GUERRE 1939-1945. DENIS BERTHIER. Soldat Francais. Mort pour la France."

Jim Carver said carefully: "Who's he?"

"My brother, Denis. He was killed in the Resistance in 1943. He was working with the Cheminots, the Railwaymen of Lille. He did many things against the Germans. He was only nineteen years."

"Then your name is Berthier?"

"Oui, Monsieur. Permit me to introduce myself. Mademoiselle Marie-Josephe Berthier."

"I only knew you as Marie-Josephe. Now that you are . . . are grown up, I suppose I should call you Mademoiselle."

"That would be very foolish of you, Sergeant Jim."

"I'm not Sergeant anybody. That's all over. I'm Jim."

"And I am Marie-Josephe. For always to you, I am Marie-Josephe. Where is your friend?"

"He's quite near your brother, oddly enough." He walked a few steps and halted. "There's George Holden."

She stood looking at the grave with its dark red roses. She said: "Those beautiful roses are from you?"

"Yes. No. Well, I mean, they were meant to be. But when I went into the shop to buy them, the woman thought they were for some girl-friend or other, so I had to explain that they were for old George here. Then she wouldn't take any money. She absolutely refused. So they are really from her."

"No. They are from you." She stated a fact, a truth, without emphasis.

"I suppose so, in a way. But that's what happened. Her husband, the old woman's husband, I mean, said I should give something to the cathedral instead. He said that there were a lot of poor people in Boulogne. I thought I'd do that after lunch."

"That is very wise. After lunch we will go together."

He said in some embarrassment: "But listen, Marie-Josephe. I've got to lunch with The Hand and Flower Darts Club at the Etoile—and there are no ladies in the party. I mean, the boys are waiting for me now."

She looked at him steadily, candidly. She said with simplicity: "You will please come with me, to the farm of my father. It is impossible that you do not."

She had come in an antiquated car, the tyres of which were worn as smooth as silk. The paint was dusty and bitten, the bonnet was fixed to the chassis by a length of twisted wire, and a spring stood out from the burst upholstery.

Marie-Josephe said with a soft chuckle: "It is not very elegant, not at all. And the thing to make the engine start is broken. So if I sit inside, please can you turn the . . . the handle in front? Then the engine will go."

"May I look at your starter?"

"Of course. But it is broken. Casse."

He unwound the length of wire and lifted the bonnet and

To page 38

AMERICA'S MOST-ASKED-FOR BRASSIERES . . .

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Worth Reporting

WE have often observed the high-pitched, dressed-to-the-nines throng in theatre foyers on important first nights, and indeed have sometimes been part of it ourselves.

But on the recent evening that the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company presented its initial Australian performance of "As You Like It" at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, we went backstage to discover what effect opening night had there.

We were welcomed most cordially by Miss Julia Wootten, who is stage director of the company. "All I ask is that you don't step through that," she said, indicating a piece of scenery. "If you do you will end up in the Forest of Arden."

In contrast to the hubbub in front of the house, the stagehands and members of the cast had an air of slightly tense, determined activity.

UNSURPRISINGLY enough, there was no general resemblance to backstage life as it is lived on the movies; and in particular the leading lady, Miss Barbara Jefford, did not fall ill or break a limb, thereby allowing an unknown actress to shoot to stardom overnight.

We questioned Miss Wootten on this point.

"Good heavens, there is never any temperament," she said. "Everybody has nerves inside, but can't allow themselves the luxury of showing them. There was one occasion, though, on a first night of 'Macbeth' back home, when Diana Wynyard, acting upon a suggestion to play the sleepwalking scene with her eyes open, was dazzled by the lights and fell off a parapet and badly sprained her ankle.

"I was just about to dash forward and get the curtain down when Diana got up and finished the scene. Significantly enough, she opened a couple of nights later in 'Much Ado About Nothing.'

"There are, of course, a few star actors who become so immersed in their roles that they stalk about looking pretty remote and bleak. Somebody once told me, on a first night of 'Measure For Measure,' that he thought he must have offended John Gielgud.

"'Don't be silly,' I said. 'He's only being Angelo.'"

At this point, Orlando, who is the virtuous brother in "As You Like It," whispered "Good luck, old man," and shook hands vigorously with Oliver, the wicked brother.

"Oops, careful!" said Oliver. "You nearly pulled me wig off."

Miss Rosalind Atkinson, richly dressed as a courtier, stood nearby slowly waving her arms. "Sorry I can't shake hands," she said. "But I've just done my fingernails."

About half a minute before curtain time, a sudden electrifying hush descended on everyone, and it was broken, quite dramatically, by a sudden inrush of air from the auditorium.

IN the first interval, the director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Mr. Anthony Quayle, who plays the Melancholy Jacques in a magnificently fanciful steel-grey costume, invited us into his dressing-room for a cool drink and a chat.

In the second interval we had a cigarette and a talk with Miss Jefford, who made a fine and handsome Rosalind. Mr. Quayle quietly read the latest airmail Sunday edition of the London "Times."

"Well, I finally found a place to park."

Guides' work offer is rushed

WHEN the news became known that 6230 Girl Guides, 305 Rangers, and 3793 Brownies of N.S.W. were holding a "Willing Shilling" Week in early May, the phone at Guide Headquarters, Sydney, started to ring almost non-stop.

Callers, remembering the last money-raising campaign of this kind in 1945, put in requests ranging from help in shifting a rosebush to lending a hand with the mending.

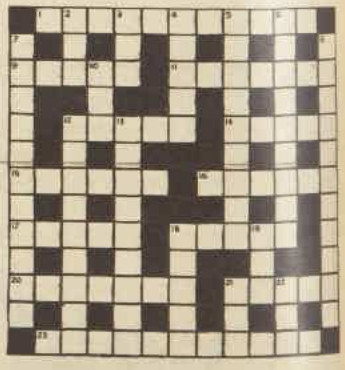
"We try," explained a Girl Guide official, "to dissuade kindly adults from pressing two shillings into a child's hand, with the remark: 'I've no work for you, dear. But take this for the Guides.'"

In 1945, one Guide who lived on a country property earned her money by shutting up the calves, helping to master sheep, and by picking flowers for her parents.

* * *

BICYCLES built for two can be converted into bicycles built for three by the simple addition of an English invention of a four-wheeled pneumatic-tyred pram in a very short while (30 seconds, to be exact). The attachment can be fitted to the side of the parent bicycle.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. 12 equals 13 (6, 5).
9. The muse of lyric poetry (5).
11. Refrain from sailor discoloration (7).
12. Chaplain covered by drape (5).
14. Young member of a family can be used for grafting (5).
15. Nutty sweetmeat which contains nut with a go (6).
16. Unclothe Diana with a knitted undergarment (6).
17. Quantitative relation between a rodent, yours truly, and a duck (5).
18. Agreements which if taken with tea could be a thoroughfare in London famous for fashion (5).
20. Red color where autos are dug out from underground (7).
21. Holy fish can yield an alloy (5).
23. Old relative of our late King and a witty saying to her (11).

Solution will be published next week.

C	O	N	C	E	R	T	■	T	U	B	E	S
A	■	A	■	N	■	A	R	E	■	R	■	H
R	E	G	U	L	A	R	■	N	O	I	S	E
E	■	O	■	I	■	M	■	S	■	D	■	B
T	I	R	E	S	■	A	N	E	M	O	N	E
M	■	T	■	C	■	■	■	O	■	E	■	■
S	P	O	U	S	E	■	C	R	O	N	I	N
I	■	B	■	■	■	S	■	E	■	D	■	■
N	A	S	C	E	N	T	■	T	R	O	O	P
G	■	E	■	R	■	R	■	V	■	A	■	■
L	A	R	G	E	■	I	C	E	S	E	R	G
E	■	V	■	C	O	D	■	A	■	R	■	E
T	R	E	N	T	■	E	S	T	A	T	E	S

Solution to last week's crossword.

DOWN

2. Literary gossip from any side (3).
3. Who is there? It's I (3).
4. Gaze when one is at a rest (5).
5. Preoccupation with a Siberian river before a sitting (8).
6. Investigators are minxes (9).
7. Habitual course made originally by McAdam (6, 5).
8. Short in a fruity explosive container (2, 1, 3, 5).
10. Can be a drink or a meal (3).
12. Poet ruler (anagr., 8).
13. Very strict doctor and a study with Scottish Johnnie (8).
18. Fish be with 20 quires of paper (8).
19. Only a speck but once when turned was 28lb. of wool (3).
21. Thus tea can tipple (3).
22. Before up and before down (3).

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When the Princess has an evening out

Blind dates never offered to Royal guest

For the young London man-about-town, if he is a member of the set composed of Royalty's friends, there is always the hope that some time he may be lucky enough to take Princess Margaret out for the evening.

AND if he is lucky and it does happen that the Princess accepts his invitation, he must be sure he knows the answers to a great many questions before the evening out is planned, or it will not be a success.

Who pays the bills? Who orders the taxi? What sort of show does Princess Margaret want to see? What does she like to eat? How about drinks and cigarettes? Who sees her home? What is it all going to cost?

There are very precise answers to all these questions and they add up to the fascinating but complicated business of escorting a Royal Princess around London's West End in Coronation year.

To begin with, there is no such thing as a "blind date" for Princess Margaret. The young man who wants to invite her out must have met her previously to have even a ghost of a chance. Perhaps he met her at a garden party or a charity dance.

And it helps a lot if his father has some official position. A Lord Lieutenant of a county is helpful, a Master of Fox Hounds or a title is a positive encouragement.

The first thing the young man must get into his head is that Princess Margaret never makes a twosome with a single escort.

A party—and I have been to many of them—must be arranged of about half a dozen matched couples. The Princess must have met them before, except, perhaps, for one. The host will be allowed to add "Guest X"—someone, usually a woman, she has never met.

Having fixed the party, the host rings up Princess Margaret's lady-in-waiting. It is handier if she knows his voice, because then, after a preliminary talk, she will say: "Would you care to speak to Princess Margaret herself?"

Then Margaret's clear voice comes on the line.

"Please, ma'am," he says—and however well he flatters himself he knows the Princess, that formal style of address is never dropped—"I am sorry to trouble you, but would you care to join a small party I am giving next Thursday evening?"

The chances are she will reply: "I'm sorry. I can't. I have an official engagement on Thursday evening."

"Could you come at any other time?" is his next shot. And the Princess is likely to answer crisply: "Yes, Tuesday week."

Witty, bright

THE next step is to assemble his list of guests, making sure that they are witty, bright young people. Bores are anathema to Princess Margaret, and so are people who do not watch their manners.

All the while he is haunted by the thought that if, during a long evening, there is the slightest breach of etiquette, it is the very last time Princess Margaret will ever join a party of his.

For, make no mistake about it, sophisticated and modern though she is, Princess Margaret is a stickler for protocol. People in her set still shiver when they recall the evening that a young man referred to "your father" to Margaret.

"You mean the King, I suppose," said Margaret icily—and left the party. The same act of excommunication would befall anyone foolish enough to speak of the Queen as "your sister."

Having settled his guest list, the host sends it to the lady-in-waiting, asking her to submit it to the Princess. At the same time he will mention the show for which he intends to book—for the theatre is the Princess's favorite entertainment.

● A young man who belongs to the exclusive circle in which Princess Margaret moves tells of the etiquette required when Princess Margaret is taken for an evening out at theatre and night-club.

Princess Margaret prefers the stalls to any other part of the theatre, so with his guest list and show approved, he reserves a dozen stalls.

The Princess arrives in her own car—usually a Daimler—accompanied by her lady-in-waiting and a plain-clothes detective. He has been sitting in the front seat with the driver.

Invariably she is wearing a Norman Hartnell dress. And the dress tells her host right away whether Princess Margaret intends making a long night of it. If she wishes to go on from the show to a night-club she will be wearing a long dress.

If she intends returning home after the theatre she will be wearing one of the three-quarter-length dresses which many of her friends believe suit her better than the more elaborate outfits.

Settled in the stalls beside her host, Princess Margaret, if smoking is permitted, will quickly produce her cigarette holder, insert one of a popular brand of cigarettes and puff away contentedly.

When the lights go on for the interval, the host escorts the Princess to a private room at the side of the stage, where the manager has laid out drinks and titbits.

Almost always the Princess drinks a single glass of champagne. Often she will chat to the producer, who is usually surprised to discover how knowledgeable she is about the stage.

When the show ends there is an alteration in the routine of the party. The host is invited, together with about two guests, to join the Princess in her Daimler. The others follow in taxis.

AT THE THEATRE. Princess Margaret is accompanied by a group of young people who are members of her own social set. She wears a lovely bouffant gown of spotted tulle and a gleaming necklace as her only ornament.

So to a night-club. And almost inevitably it will be the "Four Hundred," the most stately of London's night-clubs.

It is Princess Margaret's favorite club, so the party immediately will be guided to the table reserved for her use—on the right-hand side of the entrance.

Once the guests are seated, Rossi, the head waiter, advances with the menu.

"What will you have, ma'am?" the host asks, but he knows in advance—if he is a member of the magic circle of her escorts—that Princess Margaret is almost certain to order a portion of iced melon, consomme, or smoked salmon and a single veal cutlet.

To drink? Champagne again—though one or two of the men in the party will soon change to whisky, a drink the Princess never touches.

Likes quicksteps

TIM Clayton's band starts playing the sambas, rhumbas, and quicksteps which the Princess loves, and she gives the first dance to her host. She dances lightly and expertly and he is sorry when it is time to escort her back to the table.

Outside the club her detective is chatting with the Princess' chauffeur, who by now has unscrewed the silver mascot from the bonnet of the car. Night prowlers in Leicester Square have no respct for Royal property.

For the Princess, as for all women guests, there comes the time where she goes to the powder-room to freshen up. Stories that a special room is put at her disposal are nonsense. She uses the ordinary toilet facilities.

What is not ordinary is that the cloakroom attendant is left with a crisp ten-shilling note as a tip.

This money is paid by the lady-in-waiting, who attends to all such matters. Princess Margaret does not carry money with her when she goes out for the evening.

Night merges into early morning and when 2.30 a.m. strikes and no more drinks may be served, the Princess' glass is removed with the others. "Time, please!" is called as firmly for Margaret as for the most obscure of her sister's subjects.

The end of the evening is declared by Margaret herself. Just past three she suddenly declares: "I think I had better be going home now."

Everyone rises, and Margaret, after a word of thanks and a dazzling smile to her host, leaves with her lady-in-waiting. No host may see the Princess home; she departs as she arrived—with her official escorts.

The other guests relax for about another half-hour—for charming though the Princess is there is always a slight atmosphere of constraint associated with the presence of Royalty.

In that half-hour the host mentally tots up what the evening has cost. Food and drinks for the party, about £50. Taxis, theatre seats, flowers and incidentals make up about another £50. The night out with Princess Margaret and party has set him back £100.

But in a few days' time, when the letter arrives from the lady-in-waiting to say H.R.H. has "commanded me to thank you for a most pleasant evening," he decides it was well worth while.

And then he writes a nice note to his bank manager.

LADY-IN-WAITING Miss Iris Peake, who accompanies Princess Margaret whenever she goes out in the evening. The lady-in-waiting pays any tips for the Princess.

AT SUPPER. Princess Margaret invariably orders a meal of iced melon, consomme, or smoked salmon, and a veal cutlet when she has supper on an evening out.

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Madam, all your troubles will be solved with Trix

You don't have to be a psychiatrist to know that every woman has a "washing-up" phobia. "Washing-up" is a frustrating job which confronts the average housewife no less than 1,095 times a year —65,700 times or more in a lifetime! Yet washing-up need **not** drive you to distraction . . . you can almost get to **like** it. That is, if you use TRIX. One teaspoonful of this miracle detergent added to the wash-up water and you whip through those dishes twice as fast. TRIX **dissolves** grease, eliminates scum, cleans crockery, silver and glassware in a jiffy. Best of all . . . TRIX **ELIMINATES DRYING-UP!** Just stack the dishes in the rack . . . they drain dry with a gleaming sparkle . . . no soap streaks or film. They're much cleaner than suds-washed dishes . . . they're **really** clean—the microscope shows how germs vanish when you use TRIX.

You'll save money, too. Trix is **thick** . . . that's why it goes twice as far! Trix has much more "body" than standard detergents—compare them for yourself.

Trix ends the nightmare of washing-up

*In washing up, TRIX cleans so thoroughly that it "sterilises" the dishes. Unlike ordinary suds, TRIX does not re-deposit germs and grease in a film of foam. Instead, TRIX magically makes water **absorb** all the germs and grease—flushing them away down the drain where they belong. Use TRIX also for the dozen-and-one other household purposes mentioned on the label of the TRIX bottle. You'll be amazed what TRIX can do!*

ANYTHING SUDS CAN DO

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Trix CAN DO BETTER

CLEANING WINDOWS WASHING LINO & TILES CLEANING UPHOLSTERY WASHING THE CAR

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Socks now shrinkproof

SISTERS Joyce (left) and Eileen Lonergan, of Ringwood, Victoria, sorting women's woollen stockings to be treated with the new shrinkproof process.

YOUNG "GUINEA-PIGS" Richard (left) and Robert, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Law, are wearing one treated and one untreated sock in the shrinkproof test. "They make jolly good guinea-pigs," their mother said.

Small factory first to use process

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

"You might think you have the world in a test tube when you begin a thing like this, but soon discover that you haven't," said 38-year-old Albert Law, first successful manufacturer of unshrinkable pure woollen goods.

MR. LAW, who is a partner in a small hosiery manufacturing firm in Heathmont, an outer suburb of Melbourne, has worked with a team from the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation to develop the organisation's new shrinkproof process to the stage of manufacturing for the market.

"It was a long climb from the C.S.I.R.O.'s test tubes to saleable woollen socks, but now we are there I realise how worth while our efforts were," said Mr. Law.

"Four years ago a team of C.S.I.R.O. men headed by Dr. Menzie Lipton and Mr. Leonard Jackson, who had just arrived from England, began working on the formula."

When the process survived every test at the C.S.I.R.O. laboratory at Geelong, the scientists began looking for a manufacturer who could bring it to the stage at which it could be applied commercially to clothing.

The process was widely publicised, and an account of it appeared in the U.S.A. Textile Research Journal of March, 1951.

Some manufacturers would not have anything to do with it. Others "had a dab at it and soon dropped it," as Mr. Law said. Finally, C.S.I.R.O. scientists found co-operation in the small sock factory at Heathmont.

Mr. Law and his partner, Mr. Sydney Humphrey, of Toorak, Vic., devoted themselves to the task, ignoring sleep at the right times, meals in the right order, and time off at week-ends.

Their aim was to prove that the process could be applied successfully and economically to mass production.

"We had a lot of setbacks and many worries, but managed to surmount them all," said Mr. Law. "One heartbreak was the dye.

"The stuff we got from England left the white of the process shining through on the rib of the socks. So I just made up some dye myself through trial and error, and it is certainly the answer.

"When we had the socks ready for wearing tests, we had to select about 20 guinea-pigs—human ones, of course. This had to be done very carefully, because some people were better guinea-pigs than others.

"My father-in-law, Mr. Alf Butler, of East Brunswick, Vic., was the star of the tests, because he is terribly hard on socks.

"The first time he put on a new pair on the Monday, and by the Tuesday he had a large hole in the toe, so we had to set about finding a remedy for that in the treatment. We managed—and even he can't do anything to the socks now."

"Our guinea-pigs wore one sock treated and one untreated," Mr. Humphrey explained. "Half of the number of guinea-pigs returned their socks each day. These were carefully washed and checked for fibre breakdowns.

"The other half washed their socks themselves—some after one day's wear, some after two, and some up to a week's wear without washing.

"These, too, were returned regularly for inspection. In this way we were able to tackle each problem as it came along."

Mr. Law said that until now the general process to prevent any shrinkage had damaged the wool fibres to some extent.

"Although some may not shrink easily, they would wear out probably quicker," he added.

The anti-shrink process adds resins to the garments in the form of thousands of tiny adhesions, or "spot welds." This stops fibre movement in the presence of moisture, so preventing shrinkage.

The synthetic resins called "polymer" are white, and look something like laundry starch.

The socks are tumbled in a solution of polymer, dried, and immersed in an acid bath, after which the solution cannot be removed. They are then neutralised in carbonate of soda, which is the final process.

"Only pure virgin wool will be treated, and it must be up to the approved standard quality of Australian wool—you won't be seeing any shoddy garments treated," Mr. Law said.

"We started on socks first because they get the toughest wear. Now we have got them under control the process will extend to pullovers, woollen underwear, and woollen and jersey frocking and suiting.

"Women will no longer 'sit a seat' in their frocks, and wives will be finding their menfolk's trousers in the washing-baskets instead of finding the dry-cleaning bill in the pocket."

The compact little factory at Heathmont was designed and built by the two men in the week-ends. Then there was a long wait for four and half years for machines to arrive from England. In the meantime, Albert Law had designed and built some himself.

Although an engineer, Mr. Law had been interested in textiles for 20 years. Born at Greenwich, England, he came to Australia when aged 10.

Mr. Humphrey, a pilot in World War I, came to Australia from Aberdeen, Scotland, after the war for his health. He has been in the hosiery business for years.

He served in the Air Force again in World War II, spending nearly four years in Africa.

MANUFACTURERS Sydney Humphrey (left) and Albert Law outside their factory at Heathmont, which they designed and built themselves. The factory is now treating socks with the new shrinkproof process.

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Tahitian holidays are different

MILLIONAIRES' YACHTS, trading schooners, and native craft from all over the Pacific berth at the wharf at Papeete, capital of Tahiti. Under branches of flamboyant trees the ships moor alongside the main street within calling distance of hotels, restaurants, and shops.

TAHITIAN VILLAGES line the shores of the island, where trade winds cool the air and sea food and coconuts are plentiful. Houses (fares) are built of wood and palm leaves, which resist tropical weather, and last at least three years. There are also European-style buildings.

CAMPING in Cooke's Bay, on Morea, the mountainous island nine miles from Tahiti, where a launch takes visitors three times a week. Fishing and hunting for wild pig and duck are as good as any in the Pacific, and the picturesque anchorage is safe for vessels of all sizes.

Tahiti, romantic South Sea island, now easily accessible by air, is an ideal resort for winter holidays, and the trip there by plane from Sydney takes only three days.

BUT Tahiti is not only a romantic island. It is an important business centre of French Oceania, and combines the sophistication of Europe with the languor of the tropics.

From the moment the flying-boat moors in the yacht-filled harbor of Papeete, the capital, you enter a new and fascinating life.

In dozens of outrigger canoes brown-skinned Tahitian men lay down their oars to beat on hollow wooden drums and accompany their song of welcome.

Flower-decked Tahitian women, balancing precariously on the narrow hulls of the canoes, give you your first glimpse of the hula dance.

Before you leave Tahiti you will have seen this hula as a part of every formal French dinner, rollicking native feast, or intimate night-club evening.

You have been warned beforehand of the fierceness of French Customs officials on guard against the army of beachcombers who formerly found easy pickings in the native villages of Tahiti.

But the French have learned by long experience to recognise the beachcomber. By the time you have left the Tasman Empire Airway's Solent flying-boat, reached the wharf, and adjusted your last garland of tropical flowers round your neck, the Customs officials have chalked your baggage and you are on your way.

Papeete has a bigger choice of luxury hotels than any Australian capital. Your return fare from Sydney to Papeete is £212, and for

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

about £1/15/- a day you can stay in your own bungalow at the famous Hotel Les Tropiques, where at night you eat outdoors under the palms set around a vast dance floor near the water's edge.

Or you may choose the Royal Tahitian Hotel beside the black sand beach of Pirae, about a mile out of town. There a hula dancer performs on a giant drum before the bandstand.

Nearer town is the new Hotel Grand Faugerat with its three stories of luxurious rooms.

Here in the early morning sunshine you will have the continental breakfast of coffee and rolls with the tropical addition of iced mangoes, served on the roof garden.

Shopping in itself can be a thrill, with the best of the Occident and the Orient cramming the tiny shops.

Anything from French perfumes and glass to American materials, Chinese ivories, Indian brassware, and British cottons is available.

If you are interested in the typical Papeete restaurant, you must lunch at the Yacht Club, which has had neither yachts nor club members for as long as anyone can remember.

While you sit on the rickety verandah eating snails cooked in oil and garlic, and drinking a bottle of the driest red wine, you watch the Tahitian laborer who, fully dressed, has a sluice bath in the street trough below.

Under the direction of Marcel Quinn and Eddie Land, of "Quinn's Tahitian Hut," you will be taken half-way round the island for a native feast.

While the native ovens made of hot stones in the ground give off appetising odors of roasting chicken, pork, taro, and bananas, you can bathe under an icy waterfall or sunbake on a silver beach.

Later you may spend three hours over tables piled high with raw fish and marinated shrimps, smoked crayfish, luscious meats, and a fascinating, sticky sweet made from tapioca and papaw.

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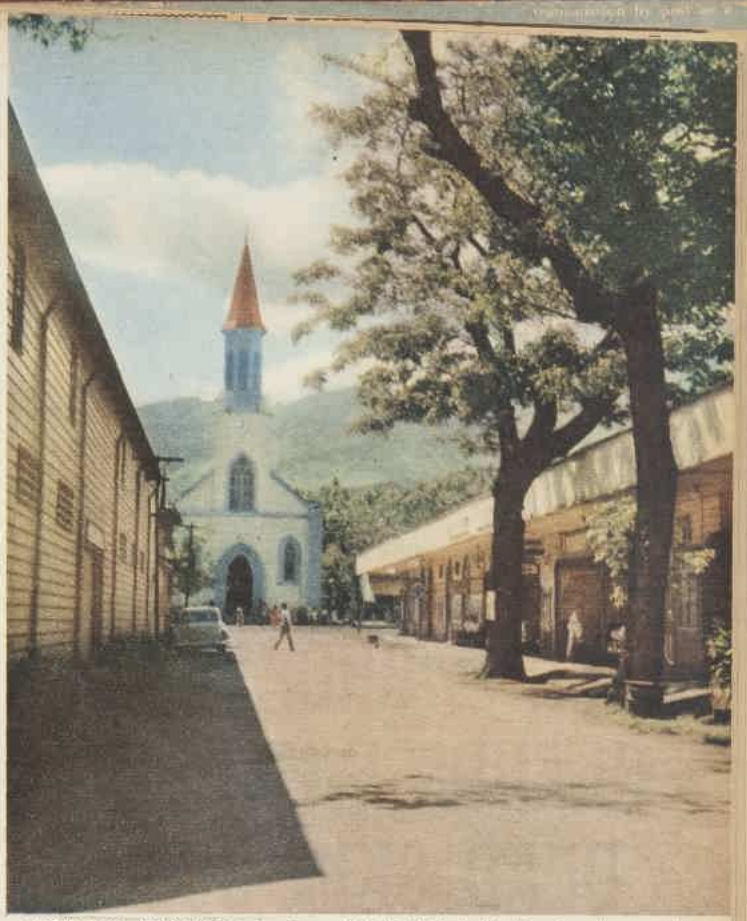
TYPICAL STREET SCENE in Papeete which includes shuttered shops, most of which are run by the Chinese population, colorful trees and shrubs, and an assortment of bicycles. Bicycles are not only the cheapest form of transport but the Tahitians' favorite toy. Very often they are parked across doorways or in the middle of the road.



TREE-LINED APPROACH to the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Papeete, where crowds of mixed nationalities gather for Sunday morning Mass. The scene, with its cosmopolitan crowd, looks like a harvest festival, because the weekly market opens at 4 a.m. and customers go straight to church from their shopping excursion.

QUINN'S TAHITIAN HUT is the musical, social, and business meeting-place of the whole island. Here, inside the rectangular bar, which knows no closing hours seven days a week, a five-piece native band plays a mixture of native and American music under the leadership of pianist-composer Eddie Lund, whose records are now hits all over the United States. On the dance floor at the back, any dance, from a sophisticated samba to a native ori or hula, can be seen. On high stools around the bar it is not unusual to find members of local consular staffs singing or chatting happily with dancing girls and barmaids, while tourists, bedecked with garlands of flowers, listen in.

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DON'T "CHOKE" SKIN GLANDS WITH DULL, DEAD SKIN CELLS!

POND'S

"Magic Minute Mask"

dissolves off dead particles . . . leaves your face clearer, brighter, softer!

Your skin is constantly renewing itself. Every day fresh, new cells are building up from beneath. And old, used-up dead cells are being cast off from the outer layers of the skin.

But some skins are slower at shedding these flaky, dead skin cells. These dry particles accumulate on the skin surface — layer upon layer — until they begin to "choke" the tiny sebaceous and sweat glands. Your skin begins to look dull, flaky — and worst of all, pore openings begin to enlarge . . . blackheads are apt to appear. Your skin takes on a drab, not quite clean look.

The Countess Alain de la Falaise says: "A Minute-Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream wakes up my complexion — leaves my skin looking so much clearer and brighter — all in one refreshing minute."

Now — Pond's brings you a special home beauty treatment to help speed up a too-slow shedding of dead skin debris. This remarkable treatment is the "Magic Minute Mask" of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's quick. It's easy. And it's amazingly effective.

Astonishing results in 60 seconds!

Just spread a cool Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream lavishly over your face — everything but your eyes. Leave for a full minute. Its "keratolytic" action *loosens* stubborn dead skin cells — *dissolves them off* — frees the tiny openings of your skin glands so that they function normally again! After 1 minute — tissue *clean*. How delightfully fresh and tingling your skin feels. How much brighter it looks! Smoother . . . clearer . . . *lighter!*

Always before you go out, give yourself a "Magic Minute Mask" with Pond's Vanishing Cream. A Mask two or three times a week will keep your skin at its loveliest.

For the skin that *rebels* against a heavy make-up . . .

Smooth on the thinnest, thinnest veil of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, fine-textured, smoother powder base! Pond's Vanishing Cream is available everywhere in jars and convenient tubes.

PV21

"But you won't love me nearly as much when you hear that that cake is for the church fete."

"Aweight, Butch, aweight. Come on back down and I'll play yo a couple games."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

OFF next week on a northern holiday, which could hardly be better timed, Sydney's "Indian Summer" having given place rather abruptly to winter.

All the people who complained about unseasonable weather are enjoying the first chilly blasts, but summer in autumn struck me as a most pleasing arrangement. With any luck I might snatch another warm month by the sea before facing the facts of winter.

The beach I go to, like all Australian beaches, is pretty old-fashioned now by European standards. I read the other day that huge artificial beaches of sponge rubber are being installed at fashionable Rivieira resorts.

Next move should be to drain the Mediterranean and refill it with champagne.

★ ★ ★

A NEW British woman Member of Parliament, Mrs. Patricia Ford, caused a fearful stir by writing a newspaper article on her first impressions of the House of Commons.

Describing amenities in the House, she mentioned a rest-room which contained two beds, and said that one night Mrs. Bessie Braddock and Dr. Edith Summerskill, both Labor members, were "stretched out, snoring." Later Mrs. Ford apologised.

There are things you can say of a lady,
You can say she annoys or she bores,
That she's dumb or her past is shady—
But beware how you hint that she snores!

★ ★ ★

HEARD a young man the other day mention a revived musical number as having been sung by a film star "20 or 30 years ago."

This light disregard for the vital difference in the two periods sent a shudder through the assembled female company.

There comes a time in a woman's life when she will refer gaily to something that happened 20 years ago. She can always pretend she was nine at that time. Few women over the age of 30 mind being taken for 29, and fewer over the age of 40 mind being taken for 35.

But 30 years ago is a definite committal, and is a lapse of time seldom mentioned by women until they have passed 60.

★ ★ ★

THERE are fashions in trade-names, and at present the word "master," used as a suffix, is having a great vogue.

It is applied to a variety of goods ranging from cars to razors.

Surely the corset manufacturers ought to be in this! Think of the compelling power of a garment called a hipmaster.

★ ★ ★

MAKING headlines in America is "the Brown Look," a fad introduced by Italian models. It is achieved with brown hair, pale face, and brown lipstick.

How revolting can we get?

ABOUT that offer of the United Nations Supreme Commander, General Mark Clark, of 100,000 dollars to the first Communist airman to deliver an M.I.G. jet fighter to U.N. forces in Korea:

Lord Chorley, a Labor member of the British House of Lords, called this proposed bribe for treason "dastardly."

"In the whole history of warfare this is one of the most terrible things to have happened," he said.

But is it more terrible than maimed human beings, than starving orphaned children, than wrecked cities, than the long history of warfare's slaughter and destruction?

One can understand Lord Chorley's reaction to the proposition. One could imagine that his disgust would be even greater at the Florida-based chain of hotels which, with an astute nose for publicity, has offered deserting Red pilots a free holiday.

But the thing must be kept in perspective. To be shocked at such bribery is to suggest that war should continue to obey the rules of chivalry.

Rubbish! The fact that so many people put a sentimental gloss on war as if it were some kind of dreadful sport is one of the reasons why the world, after thousands of years, is no nearer the attainment of peace.

★ ★ ★

A SWAN rode into a Somerset railway station recently on the roof of a first-class carriage. Porters captured it, but nobody knew how it got on the train.

On a second-class ticket, obviously.

★ ★ ★

BRITISH film critics describe Walt Disney's cartoon version of "Peter Pan" as a vulgar mixture of sex and the Dead End Kids.

To which Disney replied vehemently: "I intended Peter Pan to be as exciting as Superman. If I had not, American kids would not go to see it."

Of course, of course. Someone ought to jazz up Little Red Riding Hood, too. You could have Marlon Brando as the wolf.

★ ★ ★

I think that I shall never see
A thing so vile as a suitcase key,
Which once was surely made to fit—
This looks the size and MUST be it.
Ha! Locked, indeed, with key jammed tight!
And where is help this time of night?
Deep breaths—keep calm—and wrench it out,
Repressing a desire to shout . . .

And next, to open it one tries,
While stifling little moaning cries . . .
But fixed, immovable as rock
Is that malicious, loathsome lock.
Nor oil, nor tears can move its rust.
Knife—scissors—hammer. Now it's bust!
Ah, man devised the suitcase key
To break the hearts of dames like me.

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MOTHER'S DAY at the clinic

by WEP.

A baby's world shrinks to a toy-sized sphere.
Is held within a mother's loving arms.
Wordless he knows security, for here
Is all protection from adult alarms.

* * *

His mother's thought, unspoken, knows
no test.
"All babes are beautiful — but mine the best!"

— *HELEN FRIZELL*

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THERE IS NO finer FACE POWDER

You have but to desire the three perfections of face powder and you will find them in Lournay. The fine texture that lies like an almost invisible bloom on the skin! Harmonious, colour-fused shades that blend with the natural skin toning, from ivory to sunkissed. And, a rare delicate fragrance to enchant.

The delicate butterfly touch of Lournay FACE POWDER

Lournay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia. Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading department stores. GUILD CHEMIST

LABORATORY TESTS PROVE—

EGGS are the perfect all-round food!

For your protection

On cuts and scratches; in the sick room from which infection may spread; for first aid and children's injuries, for feminine hygiene, use 'Dettol.'

When you use 'Dettol' you follow the example of most doctors, hospitals and nursing homes.

DETTOL

The Modern Antiseptic

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

STAGE AND FILM ACTRESS Ethel Merman presenting her credentials at the court of "Lichtenburg" in her film role of Mrs. Mesta, who was United States Ambassador to Luxembourg under the Truman administration.

AMERICAN HOSTESS and pioneer woman diplomat, Mrs. Perle Mesta, whose parties in Washington under the Democrat administration often had political significance and were the setting for adroit social manoeuvres.

Call her madam

Mrs. Mesta plans sizzling Coronation party

By MARCIA PICKARD

Mrs. Perle Mesta, the famous hostess who has just completed her term as American Ambassador to Luxembourg, will next dispense sizzling hospitality in London at a Coronaton party on June 3.

Mrs. Mesta's life story and her career as a social leader, "the hostess with the mostest on the ball," inspired the brilliant musical comedy "Call Me Madam," the film version of which will soon be released in Australia.

HER Coronation party will be held at luxurious Londonderry House. Later in the year she plans to visit Australia in the course of a world tour.

When I asked her in Luxembourg what she would do after she returned to America, she told me: "I'll resume entertaining; I always am entertaining; I call entertaining getting friends together."

No orthodox diplomat, Perle put Luxembourg on the map with her cosy methods. She left there with the memories of four years of parties.

"I enjoyed my G.I. parties, my burgomaster parties, my orphans' parties," she said.

Perle staggered U.S. Legation officials by appearing at her desk every morning at 8.30. They told her: "You stay in the residence and entertain. There is no need to come to the office."

"But I took matters into my own hands," said Perle. "Gradually the Legation staff was replaced, until ageing Charge d'Affaires John Ketchum was appointed."

"Luxembourg's my first white country," John told Perle. "Asiatic countries have been my stamping ground for 25 years."

He was a perfect foil for Perle Mesta.

The wedding of Prince Jean, Crown Prince of Luxembourg, with Princess Josephine Charlotte of Belgium rather stole the Mesta thunder in the last week of Perle's term there.

But as a pastmaster at party-giving Madam Ambassador was in on the entertainments at the Palace, and she said that the Grand Duchess Charlotte planned and managed the wedding perfectly.

"And there were some very great problems to be managed," Madam Ambassador told me.

She received from the Grand Duchess one of Luxembourg's highest decorations, the Cross of the Oaken Crown.

G.Is got together and gave her a rousing send-off and Charge d'Affaires Ketchum gave a diplomatic-cum-political farewell.

For the party Madam wore a new Jacques Griffe gunmetal organza dress with a grey velvet hat worn with a veil, and a mink cape.

She also wore her fabulous diamond rings and a corsage of cattleya orchids.

Her sister, Mrs. Marguerite Tyson, wore a decollete lace dress with a white lace hat, white ermine cape, purple orchids, and outsize emerald earrings, diamond-encircled.

Hostess Mrs. Ketchum, who spent a year in Australia as a refugee from Sumatra during World War II, dispensed fine Moselle wines.

It was Mrs. Ketchum who gave Mrs. Mesta the idea of visiting Australia.

Perle has had her hand kissed by the owners of most of the great names of the Benelux countries, among them the Schuman Plan boss, Monnet, who was a guest at her farewell party.

(The Schuman Plan, of which Luxembourg was a member nation with West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, and the Netherlands, formed a coal and steel pool to create and maintain a single market in these products.)

Perle said the main reason she was going home eventually was that people said she was too European.

Her last official job in Luxembourg was to announce the release to the Government of 45 million dollars from Mutual Security-Aid funds for agricultural development in the tiny Duchy.

Her Negro butler, Garner, and his wife, Edna, were with Mrs. Mesta in Luxembourg, and will go to London and then Washington with her. Garner has been with Mrs. Mesta since he was nine.

"I hope to see the Truman family when I get back to the States," Mrs. Mesta said, "and the Eisenhower family, too."

Perle has seen "Call Me Madam" twice. "If I have been as good a diplomat as Ethel Merman is an actress, I shall be happy," she commented.

She has attended several parties with Miss Merman.

Perle sees no reason to be offended by being the inspiration of a musical. "A person's characteristics must be emphasised for the stage," she remarked philosophically.

As the pioneer American woman diplomat, Mrs. Mesta said she was delighted at the appointment of Clare Boothe Luce to Rome and hoped that other women would be given portfolios, too.

"I shall take a job," she said. "In fact, I have just signed the contract, but I can't tell you what it is, though you will hear soon enough."

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Australian spacemen look into space

Science fiction fans are 'thinkers of to-morrow'

By a staff reporter

A trip to the moon, a race of supermen, thought transference on a universal scale, and the ability of men to change themselves into superhuman monsters are just everyday possibilities to the group of fans who attended the second Australian Science Fiction Convention in Sydney recently.

From five States their enthusiasm for the worlds of the future brought them to city lecture rooms, where they discussed the merits of their favorite authors.

CONVENTION chairman Vol Molesworth, a journalist by profession, explained that science fiction included the whole range of human experience.

"You mustn't be put off by the lurid covers on science fiction magazines," he said. "They don't necessarily have any close relation to the stories inside—they're just there to sell to the less discerning members of the public."

He added that the more discerning readers were the "thinkers of to-morrow."

"Readers of science fiction weren't a bit surprised by the atom bomb or the guided missile—they were used to them long before they happened," said Mr. Molesworth.

"We believe it is logical for rockets to travel between planets and for authors to speculate on what might be found there."

"That's right," put in Graham B. Stone, president of the Australasian Science Fiction Society. "We'll be ready for anyone that might come along."

Mr. Stone and Mr. Molesworth are two members of the group who have written several stories, printed them on their own press with hand-set type, and earned considerable fame within their own circle with works such as "Zero Equals Nothing," "Blinded They Fly," and "Let There Be Monsters!"

Mr. Molesworth pointed out that Cyrano de Bergerac in the 17th century described a rocket ship which "wouldn't be sneered at by the boys at Woomera to-day."

FAKED SNAPSHOTS of atom bombs, flying saucers, and "whatever you think it looks like" were taken by Bill Hubble, 16, of Avalon, N.S.W., specially for the convention. Here they are admired by Judith McGuinness, 16, N.S.W. (left), and Mrs. J. Joyce, an Adelaide housewife.

"Science fiction speculates on what is here and now, whereas fantasy is pure imagination without any scientific backing," Mr. Molesworth explained. "That is how science fiction and fantasy differ.

"There are three kinds of science fiction: prophecy, philosophy, and adventure. I lean towards philosophy because it is the working of men's minds that interests me.

"The true science fiction fan rejects blood and thunder yarns as being beneath his notice.

"We believe in things which are philosophically basic. Always remember that angels are not logical — to enable them to fly they would have to develop muscles which would turn them into hunchbacks."

The 60-odd members who attended the Sydney convention included students, housewives, laborers, and schoolboys.

Their conversation to the non-fan was unintelligible until one got used to the habit of using contracted words.

For instance, the convention was a "con," their magazines were referred to as "fanzines," "prozines," "adzines," "newzines," or "combozines," according to the type of publication.

One young man swept through the hall crying "Ugh" (pronounced "Ugg") at intervals.

I later discovered that this was the name of the fanzine he edited.

Mrs. J. Joyce, of Adelaide, who is the mother of three children, said that she took a fancy to science fiction after a long illness when she had exhausted all other available reading matter.

"I find it quite fascinating," she said.

"Mind you, it is important to realise that we have gone a long way from the old-fashioned "space operas" of a few years ago—the modern stuff is much more advanced.

"It's much too advanced for my children to be interested in yet. They just couldn't understand any of it.

"My oldest boy is 12 and he is very fond of fairy stories.

"Now don't you think that's a peculiar taste for a boy?"

One of the oldest fans in Australia is Charles Lacoste, wharf-laborer, of Sydney, who began reading science fiction in 1928.

"It's come a long way since then," said Mr. Lacoste with a triumphant clenched fist banging on the table.

"In the old days we had to send to the United States to get anything at all.

"Now you can see our magazines in all the best bookshops —no hiding them in dark corners or under the counter. They're right out on the shelves.

"I guess the main reason I took to working on the wharves was to get some good stuff from the sailors when they came in.

"These yarns are very popular with sailors."

All the fans present made the point that to be a true critic of science fiction one must have a discerning mind.

Over the tables packed with "prozines," the covers of which looked identically brightly colored to the uninitiated, heated discussions raged:

"I saw in this last week where . . ." "Oh, but surely you don't read him—he's impossible, no fundamental facts." "I don't agree, you'd have better foresight if you didn't burn your jets at both ends!"

Judith McGuinness, 16, of Concord, N.S.W., is a Technical College art student who has been revelling in science fiction since she was six years old.

"My brother, who's a bit older than I, started me off," she said. "Now we all read it at home, even my mother, who is as keen as any of us.

"You see, it's all so exciting and new that it gets you in, no matter how old you are."

IAN MOYES, of Adelaide, was given a job as soon as he arrived at the convention, fitting photographic slides into metal frames. He said he wasn't sure what they were all about, so Christine Davison, of Clovelly, N.S.W., tried to give him a hand.

Try this recipe for
HOT CHOCOLATE
for supper tonight!

If you've never tasted hot chocolate before, then you're in for a wonderful new experience.

Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate, served piping hot, has a fascinating flavour all its own — so deliciously different from anything you've tasted before.

And so easy to mix — simply sprinkle two or three heaped teaspoonfuls on to a cup of hot milk (or milk and water.) Stir till dissolved — it's as easy as that.

Made in a minute — CADBURY'S
DRINKING CHOCOLATE

Someone's been here with Brasso!

What brightness a touch of Brasso gives to brass and copper! What beauty it brings to any room! Always use Brasso for quicker, easier polishing.

The Quality Polish for Brass & Copper **BRASSO**

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Always "right on form" because it's

PERMASIZED

Handsome Hanro KNITWEAR FOR MEN

. . . holds its form indefinitely, too, for only Hanro knitwear is PERMASIZED—the amazing new process which presets the wool fabric before hand cutting.

Strongly reinforced non-sag pockets will always keep their shape . . . reinforced buttons and button-holes will withstand years of hard wearing.

Seams are fully coverstitched for durability . . . taped shoulders will retain that wonderful "tailored" appearance.

You'll swing into top style this winter, wearing husky Hanro knitwear—available in a host of smart new color-fast designs—PERMASIZED for long-life, fit and comfort.

BUY WELL — BUY WOOL

SOLD BY LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Ask for Hanro Knitwear—it's PERMASIZED

YOUTH FEATURE

Wrecking a marriage

By DALTON MacKENZIE

My only qualification for writing this is that I am a married man—married for thirty years.

But that, I think, is the only qualification necessary. Indeed, it is the only qualification that gives me the right to express an opinion on the subject of marital instability.

- ***The bloom soon goes off the honeymoon.***
- ***Affection is the only true bond.***

AUSTRALIA, unfortunately, has thousands, many tens of thousands, of unhappy wedded pairs. Why?

Are Australians more dull, more stupid than peoples of other races?

I don't think so. No, I think that Australians are more given to idealism than peoples of many other countries. My reading has led me to believe that, at least in the older European countries, marriage is looked upon more as a convenient business venture and therefore less is expected from it.

Australians idealise marriage. When a man meets the "only girl" he enters another world—a world rosy-hued, adorned with love, and his heart feels as if it would burst with the music of it all. And so it is with a girl.

Could they but hold this through life, what a world of happiness it would be! Some few do, but most do not.

Some do because they bring reason to bear on the problem. They think about it and work for it.

The vast majority do not, they never give it a thought. They, like the Duke of Wellington, have no plans.

The airy, rosy structure that floats without a foundation around the heads of the newly married pair blows away like a puff of smoke after the honeymoon.

The wise couple build a house to which they can retreat.

This house has a cosy fire and comfortable couches, it is lined with books, it has many interests. They are not always mutual interests, but neither member of this pair is ever entirely uninterested in the pursuits and interests of the other.

There is also entertainment in that wonderful house. Each of our wise pair will entertain his or her mate and neither will ever forget that the other is the mate.

That natural attraction which was so thrilling during the courtship and honeymoon must never be allowed to wane, must never be forgotten, must, by each, be worked for. It is maintenance work. A brick is loose, mortar it. A tile is cracked, replace it.

"My gosh, Irene, just looking helpless won't attract men—you've got to look cute at the same time!"

The man must never forget his masculinity, a woman her femininity.

The man must not look upon himself solely as the provider. Remember, the wife could have done better financially had she refrained from marriage and remained in her job.

The woman must not look upon herself solely as the housekeeper-cook. Remember, the man could have obtained all that much cheaper and with less worry and effort had he lived in a hotel and avoided marriage.

No, they are mates first, always, and at the end—mates to face the world together, to give encouragement, support, and pleasure, each to each, through life.

What are the rocks upon which most marriages founder?

Indifference is the greatest and most dangerous of them all; indifference in all its forms; indifference slid into through lack of thought and planning.

"Oh, it's only the wife—she can wait. Have another one for the road."

"Oh, we're not going out to-night, this old rag'll do. There's only my husband to see it."

"Another round of drinks. The wife'll have to go without. Anyhow, she can get it next pay-day, or the next, or the next."

How many marriages are drowned by John Barleycorn?

How many marriages are strangled by old clothes?

Women unhappily married wilt like scorched plants. Some few suicide when in the throes of a husband-caused nervous breakdown.

Men unhappily married turn to drink or to other women accordingly as their wives drive them.

Nagging will drive a man to drink. A wife's neglect of her looks will drive him to other women, or, what is worse, another woman.

There are other rocks. A constantly grumbling, worrying husband will drive any woman almost insane.

Any man when afflicted with a wife suffering from imaginary ills will surely seek solace in another woman's arms.

Remember always that affection is the only unbreakable bond.

While love lasts the marriage lasts. But those iron chains of affection will rust and break if not cared for and tended.

Two final thoughts:

Never expect from your mate more than you are willing to give to him or her.

Remember that in this day and age a marriage certificate will hold no one.

DISC DIGEST

HILLBILLY fans will no doubt want to hear Buddy Williams' latest disc (G25344) coupling "Too Old To Cut the Mustard" with "Back Street Affair." The lyrics which we heard in the Dietrich-Clooney "Mustard" have been altered to suit a male singer, but the result lacks the humor the girls gave it. Buddy sings and yodels to guitar accompaniment.

★ ★ ★

RHYTHM with a great big capital R is the distinguishing mark of "One Mint Julep," played by Buddy Morrow's Orchestra on EA4107. Even if you've not danced in years you'll instinctively cut a smart caper to this. Backing features Buddy's Trombone Trio playing a delightfully impertinent version of "That Ever Lovin' Rag." If you want a punch-packed, happy disc this is for you.

★ ★ ★

RECORD Y6451 is a distinct novelty. Ted Heath and His Music take full marks for the unusual "Posthorn Boogie," which is just what its title says: a posthorn theme, with boogie base, and a spot of swing thrown in. A real musical cocktail. The coupling is "Blue Skies March," a new treatment of the Irving Berlin favorite. The clever arrangements of both sides reminded me a bit of the pre-war work of Raymond Scott. Remember him? . . . and his famous "Dinner Music For a Pack of Hungry Cannibals"?

★ ★ ★

THE Four Aces have been turning out such a succession of winners in the States that their recording company has inked them to a new three-year contract, plus a healthy share of the boodle. Their newest disc (DO70011) explains the reason. "La Rosita" is, as the name suggests, in the Latin pattern, while "I'll Never Smile Again" follows the current broken-hearted trend. Neither seems to have shown out much on overseas hit parades, but "Never Smile" has a good chance of doing so here. The boys share the billing with Al Alberts and instrumental accompaniment.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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Film Fan-Fare

By M. J. McMAHON

Off to Bali

AUSTRALIA is the background of part of Paramount's "Road to Bali," the sixth "Road" film starring the famous trio Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour.

Since this popular series began in 1939 with "Road to Singapore," the Hope-Crosby-Lamour team have made their way to Zanzibar, Morocco, Utopia, and Rio.

"Road to Bali" breaks new ground in another way. It is the first of the series to be filmed in technicolor.

Like all the others, it has its full quota of comedy, beautiful girls, catchy tunes, and exotic settings.

In keeping with the graduation to technicolor, Miss Lamour's sarongs have undergone a major change.

This time they are rich Balinese sarongs, made in silk, cloth of gold, and brocade, and they are much more complicated in design than the simple cotton garments of the same name she has worn previously.

When the story begins, Hope and Crosby, two struggling vaudeville artists, leave Sydney, Australia, in a hurry because of family complications.

Arriving at Darwin they are hired by the villain of the piece, Prince Ken Arok (Murvyn Vye), to dive for sunken treasure off the island of Vatu.

A slight difficulty arises when they find that previous divers for the treasure have been strangled to death by a giant squid.

All the same, they get the treasure which really belongs to Arok's cousin, Princess Lalah (Dorothy Lamour).

Attempts by Arok to steal the treasure are foiled when the trio capture his schooner and head for Bali.

The ship is wrecked, and they are washed ashore on another island, where they become involved in a typical "Road" manner, with savage head-hunters, beautiful native women, wild animals, and well-known Hollywood personalities.

Song-writers Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, who wrote songs for all the other "Road" films, have contributed six new numbers for "Road to Bali."

There are two comedy songs for Bing and Bob; a ballad for Bing; a solo for Dottie; and two songs for the trio.

Bing and Bob go all Scottish for one of their comedy routines and are a riot in silk shirts, kilts, sporrans, plaid stockings, and silver-buckled shoes.

"Road to Bali" is directed by Hal Walker, who made his debut with "Road to Utopia." Harry Tugend, who recently completed "Military Policeman," which also stars Bob Hope, is the producer.

POPULAR TRIO at right, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, and Bob Hope, who will be seen soon in "Road to Bali." Bing and Bob sport dapper striped suits and boaters. Dottie is glamorous in a Balinese sarong.

In Old Wyoming

ACE producer - director George Stevens brings to the screen the breath-taking grandeur of Wyoming scenery as the setting for his technicolor drama "Shane" (Paramount).

Filmed on location at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, which boasts one of America's most famous scenic attractions, the Grand Teton Mountains, the film stars three top-liners, Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Van Heflin.

The story takes place in the 1890's, when pioneering homesteaders and cattle barons became involved in much feuding and fighting.

STARS of Paramount's dramatic Western "Shane" are Van Heflin (left) and Jean Arthur, who are husband and wife in the film, and Alan Ladd, who takes the title role of the cowboy Shane.

Most of the action is seen through the eyes of Brandon de Wilde, the nine-year-old Broadway star.

He plays the son of homesteaders Van Heflin and Jean Arthur, who are befriended by Alan Ladd in the feud against the cattlemen.

As the mysterious cowboy, Shane, Alan Ladd has a character role distinct from the straightforward he-man parts he has played in previous films.

"Shane" marks the return to films of Jean Arthur after three years' absence. During that time she played the title role in "Peter Pan" on Broadway for 400 performances.

Usually associated with smart comedy, in this film she is unglamorous as the homesteader's tired, hard-working wife.

The supporting cast includes cowboy-actor Ben Johnson, Emile Meyer, and John Dierkes as cattlemen. Nineteen-year-old newcomer Janice Carroll and Ben Johnson provide the secondary romantic interest.

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Surround yourself with this bewitching fragrance, the haunting perfume of romance itself

Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for its beauty-giving mildness that makes your skin softer and smoother.

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with the fragrance men love

1 **BACKSTAGE**, Melvin Hoover (Donald O'Connor), right, meets Judy LeRoy (Debbie Reynolds).

2 **POSING** as a photographer from leading magazine, Melvin takes hundreds of shots of Judy, while her mother (Una Merkel) and sister (Noreen Corcoran) look on.

3 **CONFRONTED** by Mr. LeRoy (Allyn Joslyn), Melvin promises to make Judy a famous cover-girl.

I LOVE MELVIN

SET in New York, M.G.M.'s new technicolor musical "I Love Melvin" co-stars popular young Hollywood players Donald O'Connor and Debbie Reynolds.

Posing as an ace photographer on a nationally famous magazine, Donald O'Connor, actually only third assistant to a photographer, gets himself into a predicament from which he extricates himself with much difficulty.

Four of the six song-and-dance routines in this musical feature O'Connor.

Howard Keel and Robert Taylor are among the Hollywood stars who make guest appearances.

4 **DISAPPOINTED** when the cover does not appear on schedule, Mr. LeRoy decides that Melvin's rival, Harry Flack (Richard Anderson), centre, is a more comfortably placed husband for Judy than Melvin.

5 **INJURED** when on tour with her show, Judy hopefully scans the magazine covers for her picture. Melvin disappears, threatening to commit suicide. The police fail to trace him as he wanders unhappily through the city of New York.

6 **OVERJOYED** to find his faked picture of Judy on the magazine cover, Melvin opens the journal to read the story of a showgirl, written by Judy, entitled "I Love Melvin."

Hollywood penetrates darkest Africa

By ROBERT C. RUARK, in East Africa

I am camped in some unprintable place or other in the Masai country in East Africa ostensibly to shoot buffalo but actually on the lam from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

AMERICAN columnist Robert C. Ruark wrote this humorous account of movie-making as he saw it in East Africa while he was on a hunting trip.

He encountered film units making location shots of the recently completed technicolor movie "Mogambo," with Ava Gardner and Clark Gable playing the leading roles.

M.G.M. follows me around Africa—possibly not on purpose—but everywhere I seem to alight there is the second company or the first company of something called "Mogambo," with Clark Gable and Ava Gardner, and a few million electricians, grips, camp managers, script people, directors, assistant directors, and odd followers.

Hollywood has discovered Africa with a vengeance and has turned the Dark Continent into a residence for hams. Even the animals have become screen-struck, and some of the natives have become slightly unbearable due to enforced association with glamor.

There were about a thousand Samburu corralled to play the part of bad Injuns in the new Gable-Gardner epic, and I swear there'll be no standing them once they've tasted the heady delights of klieg-light living.

There was a time when the camera was a novelty out here, and the odd native was delighted to pose, dance, shake his spear, and grind his teeth for the fun of it.

Now the saddest hag wants five shillings for baring her snaggle-teeth in what she fondly supposes is a grin, and the males refuse to slap on the ochre and adjust the ostrich headdress until suitable financial arrangements have been made with the headman.

Hollywood has created a housing shortage in Nairobi, with the hotels jammed, and an animal shortage in the bush. You cannot expect a herd of shy animals to hold still while a film housing development is built in the dankest bush country. The animals buzz off to Tanganyika or Uganda or some such place.

I've nothing against Hollywood so long as it stays home, but I resent it when it gets between me and a rhino. I also get tired of explaining that I am not a member of the cast of "Mogambo," nor even a poor relation of Mr. Gable.

Somebody even asked me once if I were Frank Sinatra. I suppose I've lost weight.

The thing about Hollywood in the bush is that it never quits being Hollywood. The dames all wear the same dark glasses that they affect on Hollywood Boulevard; the men all seem to have come straight from Central Casting.

They have a certain superiority, as if they'd suddenly discovered that leopards live along the river and that Swahili is actually a language.

They hire rafts of professional hunters to protect them from the Lord knows what, since no wild animal in his right mind, save possibly a hyena, would want anything to do with a picture safari.

To-day the planes have been flying, filling the sky with noise, and heading in the general direction of the Upper Mara River.

Soon the hunting rigs and the big trucks with M.G.M. painted on the side will be floundering through the dongas and across the plain, stirring up dust and scaring the daylights out of the other baboons.

The languid ladies with the bare legs will climb out of the cars, stretch, adjust their glasses, and complain bitterly of the sun, the cold nights, the noise, and the tsetse flies. I wish the tsetses happy hunting. There is meat enough for all.

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on a low, low budget — *in wonderful, colourful*

NEW ZEALAND

TO SAVE TIME AS WELL AS MONEY WE FLEW TO NEW ZEALAND BY TEAL. LEFT FROM SYDNEY BY LUXURIOUS SOLENT FLYING BOAT AND LANDED AT AUCKLAND A MERE 6¾ HOURS LATER — WERE ACTUALLY OUT SIGHTSEEING IN NEW ZEALAND THE SAME DAY!

Enjoyed every minute of it, especially the delicious meals. TEAL service is wonderful; no incidental expenses, and the fares are so low. Incidentally, coming back, you can leave from Wellington without any extra fare.

Fresh and ready to enjoy every minute of it, we began at Rotorua. Colourful Maori guides showed us through the amazing Thermal region; spectacular geysers, boiling mud pools. We actually swam in natural hot pools.

Then the world-famous glow-worm caves of Waitomo and from there to the Chateau Tongariro at National Park, superb in the mild Autumn months with the spectacular Mount Ruapehu dominating each lovely scene.

Our first glimpse of the glorious New Zealand lakeland held us spellbound. This view of a Southern lake is only one of a thousand such spectacles — all easy to reach and with first-class hotel accommodation handy.

See the Franz Josef glacier in its setting among the loveliest green. Then to Wellington to board the TEAL Solent — home the same day after our wonderful holiday — like a world tour, but much less expensive.

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ *Julius Caesar*

PRESENTED in traditional vein, Metro's ambitious production of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" is still exciting entertainment for low-brow filmgoers.

Ace American producer J. L. Mankiewicz has assembled a topflight British-American cast for the film.

The stars are Marlon Brando as an athletic Mark Antony, James Mason as Brutus, and English stage star John Gielgud as Cassius.

Veteran American stage and screen star Louis Calhern plays ageing Caesar and Edmond O'Brien appears as the plotter Casca.

Overshadowed by the men in what is considered to be one of Shakespeare's most actionful tragedies, Greer Garson as Calpurnia, wife of Caesar, projects the foreboding of a devoted wife.

Deborah Kerr, too, makes a limited appearance as Portia, the wistful wife of Brutus (James Mason). Her one dramatic interlude is sustained with a feeling for classic reality that may come as a surprise to most filmgoers.

Mason, Brando, and Gielgud share the film's honors. None of them can be said to dominate every scene in the picture.

Each actor in turn gets the full measure of dramatic eloquence from specific scenes which will be familiar to most people.

Louis Calhern hardly scales up to the great stature of Julius Caesar. He gives the impression that he is primarily a doddering old man, awfully afraid of death.

In Sydney—Liberty.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★ "The Miracle of Fatima," technicolor religious drama, starring Gilbert Roland, Angela Clark, Susan Whitney. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Androcles and the Lion," comedy-farce, starring Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Alan Young, Robert Newton. Plus "The Secret Sharer," sea drama, starring James Mason, Michael Pate.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Julius Caesar," Shakespearian tragedy, starring James Mason, Marlon Brando, John Gielgud. (See review this page.) Plue featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Davey, My Son," drama, starring Loretta Young, Tommy Retig, Kent Smith. Plus "Captain Blood, Fugitive," technicolor sea drama, starring Louis Hayward, Patricia Medina.

LYRIC.—★★★ "The Greatest Show on Earth," technicolor circus drama, starring Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

MAYFAIR.—★ "Blackbeard the Pirate," technicolor adventure drama, starring Robert Newton, Linda Darnell, Keith Andes. Plus ★ "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," Western, starring Robert Preston, Marjorie Steele.

PALACE.—★★★ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Walt Disney's technicolor cartoon. Plus "The Threat," mystery, starring Charles McGraw, Virginia Gray. (Both re-releases.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Son of Paceface," technicolor comedy, starring Bob Hope, Jane Russell, Roy Rogers. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "The Quiet Man," technicolor Irish farce, starring John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Clochemerle," French-language comedy, starring Brochard, Simone Marchels, Paul Demange, Maximilienne. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Botany Bay," technicolor drama of early Australia, starring Alan Ladd, James Mason, Patricia Medina. Plus "Tropic Zone," technicolor adventure drama, starring Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Lili," technicolor romantic drama, starring Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, Jean Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor. Plus ★ "Time Bomb," suspense drama, starring Glenn Ford, Anne Vernon.

VARIETY.—★★★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama, starring Burt Lancaster, Shirley Booth, Terry Moore. Plus ★ "Two-dollar Bettor," gambling drama, starring John Litel, Marie Winsor.

VICTORY.—★★ "Walk East On Beacon," crime drama, starring George Murphy, Finlay Currie, Virginia Gilmore. Plus "Thief of Damascus," technicolor adventure drama, starring Paul Henreid, Jeff Donnell.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Gunsmoke," technicolor Western, starring Audie Murphy, Susan Cabot, Paul Kelly. Plus "Tangier," adventure, starring Maria Montez, Robert Page, Preston Foster, Sabu. (Re-release.)

EMBASSY.—"Home At Seven," drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, Jack Hawkins. Plus "Treasure Hunt," comedy, starring Jimmy Edwards.

PARK.—"Montana Belle," truecolor Western, starring George Brent, Jane Russell. Plus "Dangerous Profession," thriller, starring George Raft, Pat O'Brien, Ella Raines. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—"Lure of the Wilderness," technicolor adventure drama, starring Jeff Hunter, Jean Peters, Walter Brennan. Plus "The Wac from Walla Walla," comedy, starring Judy Canova.

goos Walter Karn, Jnr., of 27 Stott St., North Bexley

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MWS-53

FILM VAMPS OF YESTERDAY COMPARED WITH THOSE OF TODAY! SEE THEM ALL IN MAY 12 ISSUE OF A.M.—THE AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE

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ARRIVING AT THE RACES. Mr. Doug Service (second from left) and Mrs. Service (right), of Forbes, with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Baker, of Killara, who were their guests for the picnic races.

YOUNG PUNTERS. Robin MacPhillamy, of "Nerreman," Forbes (left), Jim Forrest, of "Toompang," Young, and Jan Kennett, of Sydney.

Picnic Races at Forbes

EVEN a circus came to town when the Forbes and District Picnic Race Club held its 53rd annual meeting, but interest centred on the horses performing on the track rather than under the "big top."

Much-deserved credit for an enjoyable day's racing and a wonderful ball at night goes to the hard-working committee—headed by president "Blue" O'Neil, who extended a warm welcome and the traditional country hospitality to all their visitors.

• • •

THE one thing the committee couldn't control, however, was the weather. After weeks of sun, an overcast sky loomed the day before the races, and on the day itself a fickle weatherman sent sharp, sleeting showers of rain all the morning. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief when word flashed round that the races would definitely be held.

• • •

SEVEN hostesses entertained more than 200 guests at luncheon at the Forbes Showground before the races. They were Mesdames "Blue" O'Neil, Neil McPhillamy, Alec Low, I. McLean, L. F. Tout, James Hammond, and J. R. Payten.

AMONG guests at the luncheon were four presidents of neighboring Picnic Race Clubs and their wives — the Jack Crichtons, of "Murray Park," Young, the Hugh Rowlands, of "Werribee," Cowra, the Clarrie Fountains, of Grenfell, and the J. J. McKeowens, of "Greenwood," Bogan Gate. The president of the Western Districts Racing Association, Lex Balcombe, and his wife, of "Coradgery," Goonumbla, were also there.

• • •

UMBRELLAS were the most favored accessories at the races, and among enthusiastic punters sheltering during brief rainfalls in the afternoon were Mrs. Herbert Gibson, of "Riversleigh," Forbes, her daughter, Mrs. Tim Patterson, of "Ellerslie," Forbes, Mrs. Tom Ludlow, of "The Glen," West Wyalong, Mrs. Bob Goodsir, of "Brickenden," Forbes, and Mrs. Paul Murphy, of Forbes.

MRS. DOUG SERVICE was disappointed that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Mac Smith, of "Boree Cabonne," Borenore, were unable to attend the races. Mr. Mac Smith, who is president of the Orange Polo Club, and his wife returned from a few weeks' holiday in Perth on the Strathnaver the day before the picnics.

• • •

PUNTERS who rely on the closed-eyes-and-jabbing-with-a-pin method of backing horses and those who listened to their advice chalked up a win when Light Rain, a mare belonging to Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron, of "Wangilla," Manildra, won the Vychan Maiden Handicap.

• • •

TRIO of sisters who watched the races together were Mrs. Pete Payten, of "Newmarket," Canowindra, Mrs. Jim Toohey, also of Canowindra, and Josephine Molloy, of "Myretta," Mandurama.

PRESIDENT of the Forbes and District Picnic Race Club, Mr. "Blue" O'Neil (right), and Mrs. O'Neil (second from left), of "Yamma," Forbes, with Mr. and Mrs. Glen Carr, of Clifton Gardens, at the club's pre-ball party.

THAT pink elephant with the roguish look in his eye (shown in the above picture) was specially drawn by Doug Green, of Melbourne, and sent up to Forbes for the Picnic Ball. Doug won a scholarship from the Melbourne Art Gallery, and is just back after studying in Europe.

• • •

THE "coat of many colors" worn by Mrs. Robert Roberts, of "Wilga Hill," Condobolin, was the subject of admiring glances at the races. Mrs. Roberts had the checked material woven in Oban, Scotland, while on a world tour.

Anne

PICKING THE WINNERS at the races were Mr. and Mrs. Doug Ryrie, of "Cootah," Narromine.

GUESTS at the luncheon given by seven hostesses at the Forbes Showground were Mr. and Mrs. T. H. ("Boss") Bray, of "Vychan," Eugowra, and their son Dougal, of "Ranelagh," Eugowra.

AT THE BALL. Recently engaged Pauline Daniel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Daniel, of "Monomeeth," Forbes, and Lance Earl, of Miranda.

WELCOME WARMTH at a brazier in the open-air courtyard of the Forbes Town Hall was enjoyed by Nancy Stocks, of Bathurst, and Don Robins, of Forbes. Nancy covered her marquisette frock with a fleecy lemon wool stole.

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Story of Borders

JERSEY is the material of the season. Very new and chic, too, is the knitted trim. Knitted motifs and borders of all types are blended with diverse materials, including tweed, woollens, suede, and leather.

● Jacques Griffe's long supple over-blouse of scarlet woollen jersey, left, is finished with a self-colored fringe trim.

● Schiaparelli's lime-green model, above centre, has horizontal matching hand-knitted bands on the long-sleeved bodice.

● Balmain designed the delightful stone-grey tailored coat-frock, right, and bordered it with matching knitted bands.

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Paris Notes

● Entirely new is the ribbed one-piece model, left. The inset collar yoke is in a finer weave. The steel-grey knitted toque is matched to the long gloves.

● Chic lime tweed frock, above centre, is one of the hits of the Paris winter collections. The model is worn with a suede and wool turtle-neck sweater.

● Long-haired tweed, a new fabric note, is used for model at right. The deceivingly simple skirt is carefully shaped, the separate sweater tailored.

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YOU MISS SO MUCH THROUGH FAULTY VISION . . .

You need clear vision in order to appreciate the finer points of the game —to fully enjoy your favourite sport. You need clear vision in order to hold your own in business or professional life—to be sure a job is well done. You need clear vision in order to take part in the many everyday activities that make living worth while.

Are you ignoring blurred vision, eye fatigue, constant headaches and other signs of eye defects? Are you risking permanent impairment of vision by taking for granted your most precious possession — your eyesight?

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to help you guard your most precious possession —sight.

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LITTLE GIRL — BIG TALENT!

Only a little girl, but 6 years-old Susan Cook of Kensington, Vic., handles this giant accordion with the ease of a veteran.

"Susan can cope with any number of encores", says her mother. "She's always been strong and healthy — and I'm sure her Vegemite has done a lot to keep her that way."

You and your family need Vegemite *daily* because it's a pure, concentrated yeast extract — not merely a vegetable extract. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the strengthening Vitamin B group — B_1, B_2 and Niacin. Ask for Vegemite — richest in Vitamin B_1, richest in flavour, lowest in cost. Made by Kraft.

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Get concentrated *Curlypet* for 3/11 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CN.4

HOW TASMANIA LOOKS AFTER ITS OLD HOMES — Exclusive in the May 12 Issue of A.M.

DRESS SENSE

Questions on fashion from my mailbag

by Betty Keep

I'VE had so many letters asking for advice recently that I am devoting this week's "Dress Sense" to answering some of those that will be helpful to other people as well as the writers.

"AS I can afford only one new frock each season, and, as it is important for me to make a good choice, I am writing to see if you will suggest the style. I would also like a paper pattern in size 36in. bust for the design you choose."

A coat-dress is my suggestion for women of good taste and small wardrobes, because it is a dress that is perfect for numerous daytime occasions.

The design is illustrated. Note that the dress is only buttoned to the waist—this is news in coat-dress styles. Have the dress in lightweight tweed, beige and white, or pepper-and-salt tweed. The tweed dress is an established daytime fashion.

"MY wedding takes place on September 1, and I want to plan my going-away dress now. Could you give me some advance news on colors and materials for next season? It is still cold here in early September, so the dress must be of warm material."

Slender lines and pale colors are the two most outstanding items in next season's fashion news. Lightweight tweeds and jerseys will continue well into early spring. By the way, numbers of the new slim-line dresses are worn with a matching stole. The proportions of the stole?—large.

"A GOOD woollen winter suit which will last several years is my problem. I am undecided as to the silhouette."

The stem-line skirt is quite unchallenged in all suit collections, but there are individual departures in jacket treatments. A box jacket suit, the jacket cut on oval lines with the collar worn away from the throat, is new. The sheath - suit, with a slim cardigan-type jacket, is another silhouette.

In the U.S.A. the suit with a short Eisenhower jacket with bloused fullness is right in the news. However, perhaps best of all and always in fashion is the waisted classic suit, made new to-day by longer and slimmer lines for both jacket and suit.

D.S. 38.—One-piece dress in tweed. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"WHAT type of skirt is the smartest for spectator sport?"

The daytime skirt silhouette for spectator sport has changed almost completely from the bell-skirted bouffant-style plus petticoat to a slim line. The slimming-down process can be accomplished with pressed pleats or an inverted front pleat opening from the waistline.

"PLEASE tell me the correct and smart accessories to wear with a brown coat, and also the correct ones for a grey suit."

To accent your brown coat I suggest a matching draped turban made in wool jersey, brown shoes, plus wheat-colored gloves and handbag. For the grey suit I like the idea of a grey hat and grey gloves, beige-brown leather bag and shoes, and a gold satin ascot. Gold hoop earrings could be worn with both ensembles.

"AS the mother of the bride at a formal evening wedding, would it be correct for me to wear black lace?"

It is not customary for any member of a bridal party to wear black, so why not decide on a rose, beige, or smoky-grey lace?

As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): During daytime hours, May 14 beams on industry, job seekers, business deals. The evening is kind to lovers. May 16 mildly favorable for outings.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Personal interviews, romantic dates may be arranged on May 14, with the stars on your side. May 17 is likely to be disappointing in more ways than one, but there are good things ahead.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Unexpected news may color May 12, starting a new chapter. May 16 inclines towards outdoor activities, exploring new territory, and generally expanding interests.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Group interests, going out with the crowd may brighten May 13. May 17 is likely to witness a break in personal relationships.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Any important transaction which enhances your prestige or improves your financial position should be completed on May 12 or May 18.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): You may hear news to your advantage on May 12. Act on it immediately. Celebrations, compliments, friendly companionship are scheduled for May 17.

LIBRA (September 24 - October 23): A lift on May 14 could help you along the road you wish to travel. Invitations for May 17 might be cancelled or plans could fall flat.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Keep your affairs to yourself on May 13, when enterprises may develop unsatisfactory features. You can iron things out on May 15.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Anything to do with your occupation should flourish on May 12 and 13, but results may not be felt till May 18.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): If you do not enjoy yourself on May 15 it will be your own fault. On May 17 beware of accidents.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Stay at home and like it on May 12. Home seekers should have good news. May 16 and 17 beam on hospitality, changes of residence, or family interests.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): No day better than May 15 for a trip to town, meeting friends, buying or selling. On May 17 you may revise your plans.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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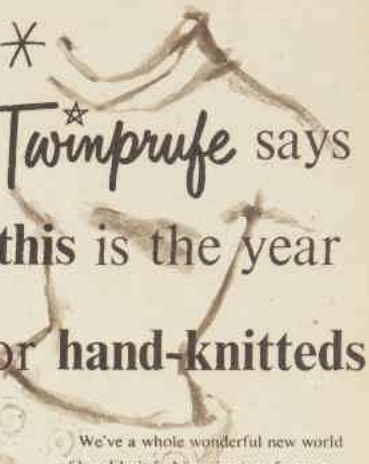

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Continuing . . . . Pride of Seven

from page 5

we were lying, thirty yards above his head.

Black Mane dropped the stolen titbit and crawled backwards as fast as he could go. There was no longer a doubt, in his mind or in mine, as to who was the leader of the pride.

On the way home, En-gerr was silent and abstracted. Then he spoke: "My friend, I have found the lion which I must kill. He is the great yellow chieftain."

My heart actually gave a jump, for I was very fond of El Asfar. "Why do you choose him?"

"He is the finest lion I have ever seen. None lesser should be my first kill."

I had overestimated The Sheep. He was, after all, a typical Masai in his thinking; the highest compliment he could pay a lion was to meet it in fair fight. Merely to watch and admire it, as I did, couldn't give his esteem full expression.

No, he had to oil himself up and whet his spear and go out to try to butcher it. That was when I started to worry about the lions. Heretofore I'd been unhappy about En-gerr.

The days went by, and aside from telling his intentions to the other murani, who laughed at him, En-gerr did nothing.

I stopped watching the lions, because it saddened me to think of their family breaking up.

I suppose you might say I was overly sentimental about El Asfar, but then how many men are not sentimental about some animal or other? Would you like to know that a savage African was going to murder your favorite dog?

And the days went on, and still The Sheep did nothing.

When I had not seen my big cats for a week, their fascination dimmed a little, so that I found myself brooding more over the young warrior than over the catastrophe darkening El Asfar's future.

En-gerr was, after all, my good friend, and my inherent human sympathies were with him. His intelligence should have been making him an honored place in the tribe, and the girls should have been serving him beef and brewing him honey-wine. Instead he was the butt of crude jokes, and a sorrow to his family.

At last, one evening, as we were watching the sun go down, I took a firm stand. "En-gerr, my friend," I said, "you must stop this spineless dawdling. You must slay your lion."

He was quiet for a moment. Then he said, "I am ready. It shall be to-morrow."

I FELT a brief pang for El Asfar; but where a man's whole career and reputation are at stake, even a lion must take a back seat. "Why have you waited?" I asked him.

"You are over thirty," he said. "Have you taken a wife?"

"No."

"Have you thought of taking a wife?"

"Many times."

"And did you rush heedlessly into marriage on the first day you thought of it? No, you sat down and smoked and brooded for a long time about it. Is a man's first lion then less important than his first wife, my friend? Or should he not concentrate his mind on ol-ngatuny for many days, weighing the beast's worth, and his own readiness, and the method of the slaying?"

"Aiya!" I said. "That is so. A woman is only a woman, but a good lion is the eighth wonder of the world."

"And that is truth. A man remembers his first lion all his life. When he is old he gathers his grandchildren and refights the animal with words for their benefit. As he dies he feels its claws again, and takes pride in the long-ago kill."

He stood up. The vivid African stars were already blazing above us. "To-morrow I take my first lion."

"And must it be the yellow one? He is a noble beast."

"That is why it must be the yellow lion," En-gerr explained.

The next morning we assembled for the hunt. Now that En-gerr had made up his mind, he was the hero of the hour. The contrast with his former indolence had produced a sharp reaction in the tribe.

All the young warriors were eager to go with him, to act as beaters. The elders were giving him last-minute advice, and the women were spitting at him to bring luck.

The Sheep himself was bedecked to the hilt. His all-but-naked body was greased with ochre clay and fat; his fur anklets were lustrous, his pigtail was plaited with fresh leather strips, and his horn arm clamp shone.

He was in a hysterical temper, froth on his lips, his eyes dilated and shot with red. He had been nursing this passion for hours, so that it was at its peak.

Unable to stand still, he bounded about, flourishing his sword, shouting unintelligibly, and gnashing his teeth in a horrible fashion. He was no longer my calm, sensible friend, but a fanatical, dangerous killer.

I couldn't grieve over the change, for his race is hard on nonconformists. His life would be easier after this display of conventional Masai madness.

As we started out — I was going with them, of course — I passed his father, who smiled proudly and said to me, "He is like a hyena's sinew, so tough he will never know defeat."

"Hoi!" I said admiringly.

We headed for the lying-up place of the seven, flung out in a line that spanned the rolling plain from the rocky outcrop of a chain of hills to the green palms that marked a watercourse.

The warriors chanted and sang. En-gerr marched in the centre, with me beside him, my rifle slung over my shoulder.

"There is the hill of the lion chief," shouted The Sheep at last. "There waits the yellow one, waits for my spear to kiss his breast!"

Poor old El Asfar, I said to myself; what an end to his placid, powerful life. I couldn't doubt that this raving barbarian next to me must surely conquer him.

We approached the secret bowl of cool green bush, and one of the lionesses came out and looked at us inquiringly and disappeared.

The warriors set up a howling. En-gerr shook his weapon and snapped like a dog.

The lioness must have told El Asfar about us, for a few minutes later his own broad muzzle poked out between the leaves that half hid the entrance to his lair. He studied our noisy gang for a moment, and then withdrew, coughing.

Suddenly I thought: This beast knows what he is about; he has seen the lines of men come over the plain before.

I don't know what put the idea into my head. I simply believed it, all at once, and felt sure that such an old stager as El Asfar must be wise in the ways of the Masai. "By heavens," I said aloud in English, "I'll bet he won't be there when we hit the place!"

And he wasn't. The bowl was empty.

"He flies from my wrath," shrieked En-gerr, although to me the withdrawal of the pride was more in the nature of a lot of dignified giants leaving the vicinity of an annoying mosquito swarm. "He trembles."

With two or three companions En-gerr went on across the bowl, while the others skirted it and I scrambled up the hill to have a look at the country.

On the side opposite to that from which we had come, the plain was quite flat, cut by a single shallow dry gully, the only one within sight. It could not have been more than half a yard deep, and was filled with thick grass.

Along this meagre cut El Asfar was shepherding his troop. The females were in the lead, then the cub, with Black Mane and big fellow at the rear.

It was a most orderly retreat, and I would have wagered my rifle that the expressions on their faces were irritable but in no way afraid.

The Masai gathered in a loose mob near the lair, and began jumping up and down, trying to locate the lions. They did not shout to me. If they had, I really don't know whether I'd have told them where El Asfar was.

My loyalties were divided that day, and all in a hopeless muddle. I only know that I was immensely excited.

However, they were at the pitch of their hunting frenzy, their eyes suffused with blood, and I imagine their sight was none too keen. It looked as though they were going to lose their lion for good.

Then, away in the distances, an ostrich boomed hollowly like a lost kettledrum; and that chucklehead Black Mane raised his head and answered with a reverberating grunt.

I groaned in disgust.

The four females, followed by the clumsy yearling, shot out of the gully and ran for the nearest hill, which was about half a mile farther on.

Black Mane watched them go, his whole body expressing astonishment. You might have thought he didn't have the intellect of a bumblebee.

As for the leader, I expected to see him turn at bay, to keep the Masai from following his charges.

Not he! Patient with the other's toplofty airs in time of peace, he would not bear insubordination in the face of the enemy. He stood up slowly.

Giving a brief but ear-splitting bellow, he launched his great body full at Black Mane. He had not even glanced back at the warriors, who had been racing towards him, but who skidded to a halt, spreading out to watch the fight.

And it was a fight. None of the petulant slapping and half-hearted nips that lion gives lion when they're quarrelling over the choice cuts of a dead buffalo, but terrible smashes with the forearms that might have splintered a plank, lightning-fast stabs with the fangs, and quick rips with the claws.

Their first tangle was like an explosion, their movement too quick to follow. Then they drew back, and for the briefest part of a minute held off, snarling fiercely, their eyes never leaving each other. There might have been no human enemy near.

El Asfar pounced again. Black Mane met him halfway, and they rolled over and over, locked in a cruel embrace. Their hind feet were searching for the tender bellies, and it was a wonder that one or the other was not disembowelled.

The younger beast went for El Asfar's throat, and they broke apart once more. Both of them were striped and splashed with blood.

Circling, they made ferocious assaults, not closing until El Asfar, with a full-chested roar, rose to his hind feet, challenging the other to do the same.

They reared up like boxers, El Asfar full eight feet tall and Black Mane not much less, and balancing thus they beat mercilessly at each other's heads with those brawn-corded arms and steel-tipped paws.

NEVER had I seen anything so ragingly fearless before; and do not expect to again.

I feared that the old fellow's years would tell against him in such a fight. I needn't have worried.

Prime muscles answering a shrewd and vastly experienced brain, and yellow eyes quicker than a fencer's, combined with an utter lack of the nerves that plagued his enemy, gave El Asfar the victory.

The climax was incredibly swift and violent. Black Mane had got in a very good swat on his chops that appeared to madden the king.

El Asfar's right paw crashed against the younger brute's ear with a jolt that rocked him back and sideways; as Black Mane was falling, dazed and sick, El Asfar's left forefoot, claws fully extended, made an arc and caught him a terrific bang under the jowl.

Never was the old one-two used to better advantage. Black Mane went down like a ton of loose bones.

His punishment administered, the great lion lost all anger; he began to prod Black Mane to rouse himself and run off.

Black Mane obviously did not feel lively. He managed to sit up, his hind legs stretched out to one side, his head drooping and wagging tipsily.

Several times he made an attempt to get to his feet, but it was two or three minutes before he was able to make it.

The murani were shouting like devils. I went down the hillside and walked over to join them. There was something gone from their voices. I realised what it was: the hysterical note of the dedicated lion-killer.

There is much sportsmanship in the Masai; they love a good fight. I wondered what the end would be.

If En-gerr declined to slay the lion, it would seem just and proper to all of them at this moment, yet later the name of coward might be hurled at him when his comrades had forgotten their own emotions on the plain of battle.

By the time I had reached my friend's side, Black Mane had succeeded in standing, and was starting off after the distant lionesses. He looked like a beast who had learned a valuable lesson—the hard way.

El Asfar watched him until he had gone a fair way, and then looked at us inquiringly.

I thought he would charge, for his brawling blood must be up, but he merely stood there quite silently, running his tongue in and out of the corner of his mouth. Then he lifted a bruised paw and licked it.

The warriors glanced at En-gerr, two or three of them lifting their spears in a half-hearted manner.

Then The Sheep did a magnificent thing, the bravest, daftest act imaginable.

Lifting his weapons in both hands, he cast them down at his feet, first the spear, then the razor-sharp sword.

Leaning over, he plucked a handful of grass, a sacred symbol of his race, and holding it in his right hand he walked towards the yellow lion. His face was set in a calm expression, and he walked neither too fast nor too slowly. I unslung my rifle. None of the murani moved.

En-gerr approached the animal at his sure pace until no more than fifteen feet separated them. El Asfar stared at him, his big head cocked and his ears pricked forward, for all the world like a puzzled dog.

En-gerr raised his hand and waved the grass. The lion looked at it.

Strung up and keen for battle, he should, I thought, have leaped on the presumptuous creature who faced him so boldly, and torn his throat out. But all he moved was his head. The whole business was uncanny.

"It is peace, chieftain," En-gerr said in a clear, carrying voice. "You are my first lion, and it is peace between us."

He tossed the grass down before El Asfar, and turned and came back towards us. The warriors began to murmur. Soon they would break into cheers, clustering around to carry The Sheep home in triumph.

The tale of his insane audacity would be told in the village throughout his lifetime and beyond. And, incidentally, both of my own worries would be wiped away as though they had never existed—if El Asfar did not decide to charge.

He took two steps forward, lowered his muzzle to sniff at the scattered tuft of grass, then stared at the young man's retreating back.

Heavens, I thought, now surely he'll attack. He's been making up his involved feline mind, and now he'll charge. I could not believe in this incredible peace-making.

I clung to my doubts until the very moment when En-gerr rejoined us, when the cheering arose and my friend The Sheep shook himself and blinked and broke into a sweat, grinning half in shame and half in pride, while El Asfar wheeled and padded off to catch up with his troop.

I slung my rifle again. Suddenly I wanted a drink of water. My throat was dry.

I should have known, I said to myself as we turned towards home. Good will calls to good will, and courage shall recognise courage the world over, in fearless man or in the brute creation.

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CHILDREN'S KNITWEAR

● ***The exclusive knitwear patterns for children presented in this special section are superbly designed and also show a delightful sense of imagination in decoration. Directions for some, including the attractive Jack and Jill twin set pictured here, are given in several sizes.***

JACK AND JILL — *twin set*

Materials: 9 (11, 12) 1oz. skeins Lincoln Mills Triple Twist "Daphne" wool; small quantity of 2 contrasting shades; 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 1 open-end zipp fastener 10 (10, 11) in.; 2 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28) in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 13½ (14½, 15½) in.; sleeve seam, short, 2½ (3, 3½) in.; sleeve seam, long, 11 (12½, 14) in. **Tension:** 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1in.

JUMPER

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 82 (88, 94) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 23 rows, dec. 1 st. in last row.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st. (i.e., k 1 row, p 1 row) for 50 (54, 58) rows.

Join on 1st contrast and work from chart, commencing at A on 1st row and working to B until 9 sts. rem., then from B to C. Cont. from chart until 12th row is complete; 62 (66, 70) rows above ribbing.

Armhole Shaping: Cont. in main color only, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. ** Still working in st-st., dec. 1 st. at each end of 3rd and then every alt. row following 3 times, 65 (71, 77) sts.

Cont. without further shaping until there are 40 (44, 50) rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 9 (10, 11) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows **. Change to No. 12 needles and work in k 1, p 1 rib on rem. 29 (31, 33) sts. for 8 rows. Cast off in rib.

FRONT

Work as for back until there are 28 (32, 36) rows in armhole.

Neck Shaping: Next Row: K 24 (26, 28) sts., leave on spare needle, cast off 17 (19, 21) sts., k 24 (26, 28). Cont. on last group of sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every row 6 times, then cont. without further shaping until there are 41 (45, 51) rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 9 (10, 11) sts. at beg. of next row and rem. on following alt. row.

Join wool at neck edge to sts. from spare needle and work to correspond with one row less before shoulder shaping.

Join shoulder seams.

NECKBAND

Using main color and No. 12 needles, with right side of work facing, commencing at left shoulder seam, pick up and k 46 (50, 54) sts. around front of neck. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows. Cast off in rib. Crochet or work a loop at each end of front neckband and sew a button at each end of back neckband to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 56 (60, 64) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 9 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st. for 18 (22, 24) rows.

Armhole Shaping: *** Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off ***.

TO MAKE UP

Press carefully. Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Press seams.

CARDIGAN

BACK AND TWO FRONTS

(Worked in one piece)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 163 (175, 187) sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 23 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: Rib 5, k to last 5 sts., rib 5.

2nd Row: Rib 5, p to last 5 sts., rib 5.

3rd Row: Rib 5 in main color, join on 2nd contrast, and work from D to E of chart until 14 sts. rem., then from E to F once, then rib 5 in main color.

Keeping a rib of 5 sts. at each end in main color, cont. working from chart from 12th row to 1st row. Then still keeping the 5 sts. in rib at each end, cont. in st-st. in main color until there are 66 (70, 74) rows above ribbing.

Armhole Shaping: 1st Row: Rib 5, k 32 (35, 38) sts., leave on holder for right front, cast off 8 sts., k 73 (79, 85) sts., leave on holder for back, cast off 8 sts., k 32 (35, 38), rib 5.

Cont. on last group of sts., dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of every alt. row 4 times. Complete 10th row.

Still working in st-st. with ribbed border, dec. 1 st. at neck edge inside border of 11th and then every alt. row 4 times, then every 4th row until 23 (25, 27) sts. rem., and then until 40th (44th, 50th) row is complete.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 9 (10, 11) sts. at beg. of next and following alt. row.

Work 18 (20, 20) rows in k 1, p 1 rib on rem. 5 sts. Cast off.

Join wool at armhole edge to sts. for right front and work to correspond.

With wrong side of work facing, join wool at armhole edge to sts. for back and p 1 row. Work from ** to ** of jumper back. Cast off.

SLEEVES

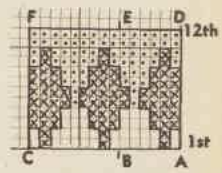
Using No. 12 needles, cast on 40 (44, 48) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 19 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every 6th row following until there are 56 (60, 64) sts. on needle, then without further shaping until there are 82 (96, 110) rows above ribbing (or length desired).

Armhole Shaping: Work from *** to *** of jumper sleeves.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Join two ends of ribbed border and stitch across back of neck. Sew zipp into position up front. Press all sections except waist and wrist ribbing.



× 1st C.C.

• 2nd C.C.

CHART for the Fair Isle design which decorates the Jack and Jill twin set.

FASCINATING HOOD — *with a tiny cape*

OUR Cover Design. Hood is big enough to allow for baby's growth.

Materials: 3oz. Patons "Beehive" fingering, 4-ply, Patonised, white; 1 oz. Patons "Totem" knitting wool, cherry-red (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; 1 crochet hook, No. 12.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in. in width.

Measurement: Width around face, 16in.

Using white wool and No. 10 needles cast on 62 sts. and k 4 rows in g-st.

** ***5th Row*** *(wrong side of work)*: Knit.

6th Row: K 2, * k 1, instead of knitting into next st. insert needle through 2 loops of row below and knit (working of this st. will now be termed knit below throughout), rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

7th Row: Like 5th row.

8th Row: K 2, k 2, * knit below, k 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2, **.

Cont. in patt. as given from ** to ** until work measures 22in. from commencement.

K 4 rows in g-st. Cast off.

THE TIE

Using white wool and No. 10 needles cast on 10 sts.

1st Row: * Sl. 1 purlwise, w.bk., k 1, w.fwd., rep. from * to end.

Rep. 1st row until work measures 34in. Cast off.

Loops: With white wool, make 9 ch., work 1 d.c. into each ch. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP HOOD

Fold work in half, and using ¼in. back-stitch seam sew up back of hood. Sew centre of tie 3in. from cast-on edge at back seam. Sew a loop on each side of front edge 3in. from cast-on edge. Leaving 3in. for cape, turn back front of hood, commencing ¼in. and graduating to 2in. at top of head, working back to ¼in. and leaving 3in. for cape.

TRIMMING

Using red wool, cut strands 3in. long. Take 2 strands, insert crochet hook ¼in. from front edge, draw double strands through to form loop, draw loose ends through this loop and pull tight. Cont. in this manner, working 3 rows ¼in. apart around front of hood as illustrated. Trim fringe.

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Cosy trio

CHILDREN'S KNITWEAR

Directions for knitting these useful, well-designed woollies are given below.

TONY—*toddler's pullover*

Materials: Three 1oz. skeins Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool; 1 pair each No. 12 and No. 14 knitting needles; 2 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 22in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 12½in. **Tension:** 9 sts. and 11 rows—1in.

Abbreviation: Cable 6—slip 3 sts. on to spare needle, k 3, then k 3 slipped sts. from spare needle.

BACK

Using No. 14 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2 for 19 rows.

20th Row: In rib, inc. to 98 sts. by working twice into 11th and every 10th st. following across row.

Change to No. 12 needles.

1st Row: K 21, p 2, k 6, p 2, k 36, p 2, k 6, p 2, k 21.

2nd and Every Alt. Row: P 21, k 2, p 6, k 2, p 36, k 2, p 6, k 2, p 21.

3rd Row: K 21, p 2, cable 6, p 2, k 36, p 2, cable 6, p 2, k 21.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

These 4 rows complete patt.

Cont. in patt. until 68th row above ribbing is complete.

Armhole Shaping: Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 64 sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until there are 64 rows in armhole.

Cast off 17 sts., k 30, leave on spare needle for neckband, cast off 17 sts.

FRONT

Work as for back until armhole is reached.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

3rd Row: P 1, k 2 tog., k 12, p 2, cable 6, p 2, k 18, leave rem. sts. on spare needle.

4th Row: Patt. to last 3 sts., p 2 tog., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., patt. to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Rep. 4th and 5th rows twice (33 sts.).

Work 3 rows in patt., dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of every row.

13th Row: In patt., dec. 1 st. at each end.

Keeping continuity of patt. and without further shaping at armhole edge, dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every 4th row until 20 sts. rem., then every 6th row until 17 sts. rem. and 64th row of armhole shaping is complete. Cast off. Join wool at neck edge to sts. from spare needle and work to correspond with side already worked.

NECKBAND

Front: Using No. 14 needles, commencing at left shoulder with right side of work facing, pick up and k 54 sts. down left side of neck, pick up and k 1 st. between 2 centre front sts., pick up and k 54 sts. to right shoulder.

1st Row: (P 2, k 2) 13 times, p 2, k 1 (centre front st.), (p 2, k 2) 13 times, p 2.

2nd Row: (K 2, p 2) 13 times, k 2 tog., p 1, k 2 tog., (p 2, k 2) 13 times.

Keeping continuity of rib., dec. 1 st. at each side of centre front st. every 2nd row until 7th row is complete.

Cast off in rib.

Back: With right side of work facing and using No. 14 needles, cast on 3 sts., k across 30 sts. from spare needle, cast on 3 sts.

1st Row: P 1, (k 2, p 2) to last 3 sts., k 2, p 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 2, k 2) to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until 7th row is complete. Cast off in rib. Join shoulder seams as far as neck ribbing.

ARMBANDS

With right side of work facing and using No. 14 needles, pick up and k 110 sts. around armhole. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2 for 7 rows, decreasing 1 st. at each end of every alt. row. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press carefully, avoiding ribbing. Join side seams. Make a loop buttonhole on each side of front neck ribbing and sew a button on each side of back neck ribbing to correspond.

TONY: Sleeveless, action-free pullover for sturdy toddlers has attractive cable trim, ribbed basque, and shoulder-buttoning finish.

LILIBELLE—*check sweater*

Materials: 1 oz. shade No. 3007, yellow, and 5oz. odd colors Patons "Azalea" crochet wool (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 6 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 26in. chest, length from top of shoulder, 15in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 3in.

The jumper patt. consists of squares made by knitting 10 sts. by 10 rows.

NOTE: Any color at all may be used, but it is important that no color clashes, or the effect will be spoilt.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. the 1st row until basque measures 3in.

Using No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 10 blocks of 10 sts. each to the end of row.

2nd Row: P, working in respective colors.

Cont. in this manner until 8½ blocks have been completed. Keeping the continuity of the patt., cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of the needle in next and every alt. row until 80 sts. rem.

When work measures 12½in. from commencement of jumper, commence neck shaping as follows:

K 1, work 32 sts. in patt., turn.

Cont. in patt. on these 33 sts., dec. once at neck edge in every row until 26 sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until work measures 15in. Cast off.

Leave the next 14 sts. on a spare needle, join in wool and work rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work exactly as given for front until armhole shapings have been completed (80 sts.).

In the next row k 40 sts., turn, p.

Cont. thus on these 40 sts., and keeping to block patt., until work measures same as front, also working in 5 buttonholes at 1in. intervals. Cast off.

To Make a Buttonhole: 1st Row: K to last 3 sts., cast off 2 sts., k 1.

2nd Row: P 2, cast on 2 sts., p to end of row.

Work other side in same manner, omitting buttonholes but casting on 6 extra sts. for placket.

SLEEVES

Cast on 72 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. the 1st row 11 times.

Using No. 10 needles and working in patt., inc. once at each end of the needle in every 3rd row until there are 80 sts. on the needle.

When sleeve measures 3in., dec. once at each end of the needle in every row until 32 sts. rem. Cast off.

Work another sleeve to correspond.

NECKBAND

Sew up shoulder seams. Using No. 12 needles and yellow wool, k up 112 sts., including the 14 sts. on spare needle in front.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. the 1st row 6 times, making a buttonhole in the 4th and 5th rows. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, seam to seam. Sew buttons on placket.

LILIBELLE: A gay, cosy sweater for little girls. Oddments of wools from your knitting-bag can be used to make it in several colors.

BABY SCOTT—*cuddlesome jumper*

Materials: 3 skeins "Twin Pruf" Double Crepe wool, shade No.1075, white; 1 skein shade No. 2103, blue; 1 pr. No. 9 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 11 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 11in.; chest 20in.; length of sleeve seam, 7in.

Abbreviations: W, white, bl, blue.

Tension: 6 sts. 1in., 8 rows 1in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and w wool, cast on 56 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, k 1 row, inc. 3 sts. (59 sts.). P 1 row. Work as follows:

1st Row: K 1 w, * 3 bl., 3 w, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 3 bl., 1 w.

2nd Row: P 4 w, * 1 bl., 1 w, 1 bl., 3 w, rep. from * to last st., p 1 w.

3rd Row: * K 3 w, 3 bl., rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 3 w, 2 bl.

4th Row: Using w wool, p.

5th Row: Using w wool, k.

6th Row: Using w wool, p.

7th Row: K 2 w, * 1 bl., 5 w, 5 bl., 7 w, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 1 bl., 2 w.

8th Row: * (P 1 w, 1 bl.) twice, 4 w, 8 bl., 2 w, rep. from * to last 5 sts., (p 1 w, 1 bl.) twice, 1 w.

9th Row: K 11 w, * 1 bl., 17 w, rep. from * to last 12 sts., k 1 bl., 11 w.

10th Row: P 6 w, * 4 bl., 1 w, 1 bl., 1 w, 4 bl., 7 w, rep. from * ending row with 6 w instead of 7 w.

11th Row: K 2 w, * 1 bl., 3 w, 4 bl., 1 w, 1 bl., 1 w, 3 bl., 4 w, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 1 bl., 2 w.

12th Row: * (P 1 w, 1 bl.) twice, 4 w, 2 bl., 1 w, 1 bl., 1 w, 3 bl., 2 w, rep. from * to last 5 sts., (p 1 w, 1 bl.) twice, 1 w.

13th Row: K 2 w, * 1 bl., 5 w, 2 bl., 1 w, 1 bl., 1 w, 2 bl., 5 w, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 1 bl., 2 w.

14th Row: P 9 w, * (1 bl., 1 w) twice, 2 bl., 12 w, rep. from * ending row with 8 w instead of 12 w.

15th Row: K 8 w, * 1 bl., 2 w, 1 bl., 14 w, rep. from * ending with 11 w instead of 14 w.

16th Row: * (P 1 w, 1 bl.) twice, 7 w, 1 bl., 6 w, rep. from * to last 5 sts., (p 1 w, 1 bl.) twice, 1 w.

17th Row: K 2 w, * 1 bl., 8 w, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 1 bl., 2 w.

18th Row: Using w wool, p.

19th Row: Using w wool, k.

20th Row: P 2 w, * 1 bl., 5 w, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 1 bl., 2 w.

Using w wool, k 1 row, p 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row.

25th Row: * K 5 w, 1 bl., rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5 w.

Using w wool, p 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row, k 1 row.

Rep. the last 10 rows and when work measures 7in. shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows (49 sts.). When armholes measure 2½in., shape back of neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 19 sts. (leave on a spare needle), cast off loosely 11 sts., work 19 sts.

Cont. on last 19 sts. and cast off 2 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row until dec. to 15 sts. When armhole measures 3½in., cast off. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Cont. in patt. until armholes measure 1¾in.

Next Row: Work 18 sts. (leave on a spare needle), cast off loosely 13 sts., work 18 sts. Cont. on last 18 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row until dec. to 15 sts. When armhole measures 3½in., cast off. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and w wool, cast on 32 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, k 1 row, inc. 3 sts. (35 sts.). P 1 row. Work 1st 3 rows of patt. as for back. Using w wool, p 1 row, k 1 row, rep. the last 10 rows of patt. (from 20th to 29th rows inclusive), inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until inc. to 51 sts. When sleeve seam measures 7in. or required length, cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 19 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using 4 No. 11 needles and w wool, pick up and k about 76 sts. around neck. Work in rounds in rib of k 2, p 2 for 5 rows. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves.

BABY SCOTT: Motifs were inspired by the nursery rhyme, "I saw a ship a-sailing."

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CHILDREN'S KNITWEAR

Pretty cardigan for little girl

AMANDA. This smartly styled cardigan with the ribbed yoke matching the basque and sleeves is in four sizes.

AMANDA. Knit this pretty cardigan and crochet colored dots to applique on it.

Materials: Patons "Bluebell" Crepe wool, white, 5-ply.

Size (A) 5oz., (B) 6oz., (C) 8oz., (D) 9oz.

Patons 3-ply "Beehive" Crepe: Small quantities each of yellow, peach, nile-green, hunter-green, bright red, dark red, dark blue, marine-blue, and burnt orange for polka dots.

1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; 1 No. 12 crochet hook; 5 buttons.

Measurements: To fit (A) 24in., (B) 26in., (C) 28in., (D) 30in. chest; length from top of shoulder—(A) 13¾in., (B) 15in., (C) 16½in., (D) 18in.; length of sleeve from underarm—(A) 3in., (B) 3¼in., (C) 3½in., (D) 3¾in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in., and 10 rows to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 82 (B 88), (C 94), (D 100) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in., inc. 10 sts. evenly on last row of ribbing, 92 (B 98), (C 104), (D 110) sts.

Work in st-st. (k 1 row, p 1 row) until back measures 6 (B 7), (C 8), (D 9) in. from beg., ending with purl row.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (B 5), (C 5), (D 5) sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows (once each side).

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows (once each side).

Cont. without shaping until work measures 2in. from first dec., ending with purl row.

Next Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Cont. in rib until armhole measures 4¾ (B 5), (C 5¼), (D 5½) in. from 1st dec., ending on wrong side.

Next Row: Work across 25 (B 27), (C 29), (D 31) sts. and place on stitch-holder, cast off next 28 (B 28), (C 30), (D 32) sts. for back of neck, work across rem. 25 (B 27), (C 29), (D 31) sts. Work 3 rows without shaping.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 9 (B 10), (C 11), (D 12) sts. at beg. of next row.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

Next Row: Cast off rem. 7 sts.

Join in wool at neck edge, slip 25 (B 27), (C 29), (D 31) sts. from holder and work other shoulder to correspond.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 52 (B 54), (C 56), (D 58) sts. and work in rib for 1½in., inc. 6 sts. evenly on last row of ribbing, 58 (B 60), (C 62), (D 64) sts.

Next Row: Knit across 51 (B 53), (C 55), (D 57) sts., work in rib over next 7 sts.

Next Row: Work in rib over next 7 sts., purl across rem. sts. Cont. in this manner, working st-st. over 51 (B 53), (C 55), (D 57) sts. and ribbing over the 7 sts. at front edge, until front measures same as back to underarm, ending on wrong side.

Shape Armhole: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Rep. last 2 rows twice.

Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 1 (B 1¼), (C 1½), (D 1¾) in. from 1st dec., ending at armhole edge.

Next Row: K across 19 (B 20), (C 21), (D 22) sts., p 1, k across 19 (B 20), (C 21), (D 22) sts., work in rib over next 7 sts.

Next Row: Work in rib over next 7 sts., p 19 (B 20), (C 21), (D 22) sts., k 1, p 19 (B 20), (C 21), (D 22) sts.

Next Row: K across 17 (B 18), (C 19), (D 20) sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k across 17 (B 18), (C 19), (D 20) sts., work in rib over next 7 sts.

Next Row: Work in rib over next 7 sts., p 17 (B 18), (C 19), (D 20) sts., k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 17 (B 18), (C 19) (D 20) sts.

Cont. in this manner, inc. the ribbing by 2 sts. on each side every alt. row until all sts. have been worked in rib.

Cont. in rib without shaping until armhole measures 4in. from 1st dec., ending at neck edge.

Shape Neck: Cast off 21 (B 21), (C 21), (D 21) sts. at beg. of next row.

Work without shaping until armhole measures 5 (B 5¼), (C 5½), (D 5¾) in. from 1st dec., ending at armhole edge.

Cast off shoulder as for back.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front, working first 7 sts. in ribbing and reversing all shapings and working buttonholes 2 sts. from front edge.

Buttonholes: Work across 2 sts., cast off next 3 sts., work across rem. sts. On following row, work to last 2 sts., cast on 3 sts., work 2 sts. Work 1st buttonhole in 5th row from comm., then space buttonholes about 1¾in. apart. (6 buttonholes.)

SLEEVES

Cast on 70 (B 74), (C 78), (D 82) sts., work in rib, inc. once each side every 6th row four times, 78 (B 82), (C 86), (D 90) sts.

Cont. without shaping until sleeve measures 3 (B 3¼), (C 3½), (D 3¾) in. from comm.

Shape Top: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows (once each side), then dec. once each side every alt. row until 32 (B 34), (C 36), (D 38) sts. rem., cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows (twice each side).

Cast off rem. 16 sts.

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam and easing fullness at top. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

TRIM—Polka Dots

Large Circle: Using crochet hook and any color, work 2 ch., 8 d.c. in 2nd st. from hook, without joining rounds, work 2 d.c. in each d.c.

3rd Round: 1 d.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from beg. all round.

4th Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c. Break off wool.

Work 12 more circles in same manner.

Small Circle: With any color, work 1st 2 rows as for large circle, then work 1 round without shaping. Break off wool.

Work 24 more circles in same manner.

Sew to front as illustrated.

RICHARD—*an easy-to-knit cardigan*

DIRECTIONS are given in three sizes.

Materials: Eight (8, 8) 1 oz. skeins Lincoln Mills "Golden Wattle" 4-ply wool (2 skeins each royal, henna, green, and yellow); 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 11 knitting needles; 7 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 25 (27, 29) in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 13½ (14½, 15½) in.; sleeve seam, 10½ (11½, 12½) in.

Tension: 13 sts. and 18 rows to 2in.

BACK

Using royal wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 78 (86, 94) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 ribbing for 14 rows, inc. to 87 (95, 103) sts. by working twice into every 8th (9th, 10th) st. across last row.

Change to No. 10 needles, break off royal, join on henna, and work in st-st. (i.e., k 1 row, p 1 row) in the following color sequences:

15 (17, 19) rows henna; 1 (1, 1) row royal; 15 (17, 19) rows green, 1 (1, 1) row royal; 15 (17, 19) rows yellow; 1 (1, 1) row royal.

Cont. until there are 68 (76, 84) rows above ribbing (i.e., 4th row of 2nd green stripe).

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 63 (69, 75) sts. rem.

Cont. without further shaping until 40th (42nd, 44th) row of armhole is complete.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 10 (11, 12) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

LEFT FRONT

Using royal wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 39 (43, 47) sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 ribbing for 14 rows, inc. to 43 (47, 51) sts. by working twice into every 8th (9th, 10th) st. across row.

RICHARD. A snug cardigan in which you can use up wool left from other knitting, combined with a basic color.

Change to No. 10 needles. Work in color sequence until 68th (76th, 84th) row above ribbing is complete.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of every row until 31 (35, 39) sts. rem.

Cont. without further shaping until there are 25 (27, 29) rows in armhole (ending centre front).

Neck Shaping: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every row until 20 (22, 24) sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until there are 40 (42, 44) rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 10 (11, 12) sts. at beg. of next and following alt row.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front, commencing armhole shaping after 69th (77th, 85th) row above ribbing.

SLEEVES

Using royal wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 52 (56, 60) sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 ribbing for 14 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in color sequence as for back, at same time inc. 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until there are 66 (70, 74) sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 10½ (11½, 12½) in. from cast on.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 16 (18, 20) sts. rem. Cast off.

Right Front Band: Using royal wool and No. 11 needles, with right side of work facing, pick up and k 82 (94, 106) sts. along front edge. K 9 rows. Cast off.

Left Front Band: Work as for right front band until 4th row is complete.

5th Row: K 4, * k 2 tog., w.t.r.n., k 2 tog., k 8 (10, 12), *, rep. from * to * to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., w.t.r.n., k 2 tog., k 2.

6th Row: K, working into back of each made stitch of previous row.

K 3 more rows. Cast off.

Join shoulder seams.

COLLAR

Using No. 11 needles and royal wool, with right side of work facing and com. at 3rd row from edge of right front, pick up and k 71 (81, 91) sts. around neck, ending at 3rd row from edge of left front.

K 17 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Press carefully and sew buttons into position to correspond with buttonholes.

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CHILDREN'S KNITWEAR

Quaint design for the pigtail set

TOPSY **A tailored cardigan, designed with saucy yarn faces and braids.**

Materials: Six 1oz. skeins Lincoln Mills Triple Twist "Daphne" wool; small quantity of 3 contrasting shades of same wool; 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 11 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 24 (26-28) in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 13½ (15-16½) in.; sleeve seam, 11 (12½-14) in.

Tension: 7 sts and 9 rows to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and main color, cast on 83 (91-99) sts.

Work in st-st. (i.e., k 1 row, p 1 row) for 8 rows.

9th Row (Hem row): Purl.

10th Row: Purl.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 9 (10-11) in. from hem row.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 63 (71-79) sts. rem.

Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures 4½ (5-5½) in.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 10 (11-12) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 39 (43-47) sts. Work in st-st. for 8 rows.

9th Row (Hem row): Purl, cast on 9 sts.

10th Row: (K 1, p 1) 5 times, p to end.

Keeping a ribbed border of 9 sts. at centre front, cont. in st-st., working the doll's head from chart on the centre 27 sts. After completion of chart, cont. in main color until front measures 9 (10-11) in. from hem row, ending at side seam.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of every alt. row until 38 (42-46) sts. rem.

Cont. without further shaping until there are 28 (30-32) rows in armhole.

Next Row: Work to last 11 sts., leave on holder to be worked in neckband.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every row until 20 (22-24) sts. rem., then without further shaping until there are 4½ (5-5½) in. in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 10 (11-12) sts. at beg. of next and following alt. row.

BUTTONHOLES

Work to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., wool twice round needle, k 2 tog., rib 2.

In next row, work into back of each made st. of previous row.

Place left front flat on table and mark the position of the 7 buttonholes along front band.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings and working buttonholes as above in the positions marked on left front.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 46 (50-54) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 16 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of every 6th row until there are 66 (70-74) sts. on needle, then work without further shaping until sleeve measures 11 (12½-14) in. from cast on.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 34 sts. rem., then each end of every row until 20 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all sections. Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves.

Turn up hem along hem row and stitch to inside of garment.

Sew buttons into position to correspond with buttonholes.

TOPSY. The cute faces are knitted into the garment (see chart below right). Hair and pigtails are made of wool and sewn on.

COLLAR

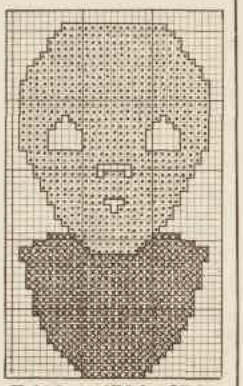
Using No. 11 needles and main color, with right side of work facing, commencing at right front, rib across the 11 sts. from spare needle, pick up and k 57 (65-73) sts. around neck, rib across 11 sts. on left front. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows, dec. 1 st. at each end of every row. Cast off in rib.

DOLL'S HAIR

Cut 18 strands 22in. long of color wool for hair.

Pull 2 strands half way through the centre st. in middle of head for 9 rows. Plait each end, tie with wool, and stitch hair to side of head.

Stitch buttons down centre of doll's jumper.



□=M.C X=1st C.C. •=2nd C.C.

PETER — *young man's cardigan*

GRADED stripes are the smart thing for very young men this season. Directions in four sizes.

Materials: Patons "Beehive" fingering 4-ply, Patonised. Size (A) 3oz., (B) 4oz., (C) 5oz., (D) 5oz. each of scarlet and biscuit. (This is the only wool which should be used.) 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 4 buttons.

Measurements: Width all round at underarm—(A) 24in., (B) 26in., (C) 28in., (D) 30in.; length from shoulder—(A) 13½in., (B) 15in., (C) 16½in., (D) 18in.; length of sleeve from underarm — (A) 11in., (B) 13in., (C) 14in., (D) 15in. (or length desired).

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in., 10 rows to 1in.

BACK

Using biscuit wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 92 (B 100), (C 108), (D 116) sts., and work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 2 (B 2¼), (C 2½), (D 2¾) in. Break off biscuit wool.

Change to No. 10 needles, and using scarlet wool work in st-st. (k 1 row, p 1 row).

Work 2 rows scarlet, 15 (B 17), (C 19), (D 21) rows biscuit, 3 rows scarlet, 13 (B 15), (C 17), (D 19) rows biscuit, 5 rows scarlet, 8 (B 10), (C 12), (D 14) rows biscuit.

Shape Armholes: Next 2 rows: Using scarlet wool cast off 4 (B 5), (C 6), (D 7) sts. at beg. of each row for underarm (once each side), then dec. once each side every row 4 (B 5), (C 6), (D 7) times, (76 (B 82), (C 88), (D 94) sts.), (6 rows of scarlet). Break off scarlet wool. Then work 6 (B 8), (C 10), (D 12) rows biscuit, 10 (B 12), (C 14), (D 16) rows scarlet, 3 rows biscuit.

With scarlet wool, cont. in patt. until armholes measure 4½ (B 5), (C 5½), (D 6) in. from first dec., ending with purl row.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 9 (B 10), (C 11), (D 12) sts. at beg. of each of next 4 rows (twice each side).

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. 22 (B 24), (C 26), (D 28) sts. for back of neck.

RIGHT FRONT

Using biscuit wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 45 (B 49), (C 53), (D 57) sts. and work in rib for 2 (B 2¼), (C 2½), (D 2¾) in.

Change to No. 10 needles and work stripe patt., as given for back, until front measures same as back to underarm, ending with biscuit stripe.

Shape Armhole: Next row: Using scarlet wool, cast off 4 (B 5), (C 6), (D 7) sts. at beg. of row for underarm, knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Purl one row.

Cont. in patt., as given for back, dec. once at armhole edge every row three (B 4), (C 5), (D 6) times more and at the same time dec. once at centre-front every 3rd row until 27 (B 29), (C 31), (D 33) sts. rem. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures same as back armhole. Cast off shoulder as given for back.

LEFT FRONT

Work as given for right front, working shaping at opposite ends of neck'l'e.

SLEEVES

Using scarlet wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 50 (B 54), (C 58), (D 62) sts. and work in rib for 2 (B 2¼), (C 2½), (D 2¾) in.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. once each side every in. until there are 66 (B 72), (C 78), (D 84) sts. on needle. Cont. in patt. without shaping until sleeve measures 10 (B 11), (C 12), (D 13) in. from commencement, ending with a purl row. Cast off 4 (B 5), (C 6) (D 6) sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows (once each side), then dec. once each side every other row until 40 (B 44), (C 48), (D 52) sts. rem., then dec. once each side every row until 18 (B 20), (C 22), (D 24) sts. rem. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in same manner.

CARDIGAN BAND

With scarlet wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 10 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1, working first buttonhole on 5th row as follows:

Buttonhole: Rib 3 sts., cast off 4 sts., rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 3 sts., cast on 4 sts., rib 3 sts.

Work 3 more buttonholes, spacing them about 1¾in. apart.

Cont. in rib until band is long enough to go round neck and other front. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew band in position. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

(All the garments in this section, except those on page 35, have been made available to us exclusively by "Good Housekeeping Magazine.")

PETER. This cardigan has been designed to wear with a collar and tie. Directions for four sizes.

K 29.2

VENCATACHELLUM

Genuine Madras

CURRY POWDER

The Same Grand Curry Grandma used

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL RECIPE

CURRIED EGGS

1 onion, 1 apple, 1 tbsp. butter or good dripping, 1 d/sp desiccated coconut or ground almonds, 2 cups milk or strained stock, 1 d/sp each of flour, curry powder, and strained lemon juice, salt and cayenne, 3 hard-boiled eggs, lemon, and parsley.

Finely chop onion and apple, and fry them in the butter until brown. Stir in curry and flour, cook for a few minutes then add coconut and milk or stock. Stir until it boils, then allow to simmer slowly for 20 minutes, after which add salt, cayenne, and lemon. Shell the eggs and cut lengthwise in halves, then re-heat them in the sauce. Serve on a hot dish bordered with rice and garnished with sliced lemon, parsley, etc.

JUST ASK FOR "VENTS"

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This rose and lilac ball gown, designed by Christian Dior, was inspired by a painting of the Spanish royal family. Photograph by Cecil Beaton.

Now

Modess with the New Blue Thread

STILL ONLY 2/11

The introduction of the Blue Thread adds a new ease and convenience to Modess — shows instantly the correct side to wear to obtain the full advantage of the exclusive Modess *Full Length* Safety Shield.*

**The Full Length Safety Shield gives complete and absolute protection. All the absorbent qualities of the napkin are used. It affords positive protection and complete peace of mind at all times. The Safety Shield is an exclusive Modess feature.*

THE *Perfect* COMPANIONS

The Perfect Companions for absolute comfort and security. Ask for the Modess Belt with pins or clips . . . so easy to adjust . . . so reassuringly safe!

The Modess Belt is light as a sea breeze . . . it matches perfectly the comfort and security of Modess. At all chemists and stores.

MODESS BELTS

PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Continuing . . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 10

bent down to examine the engine. She watched him with a curious expression. In a moment he straightened.

"Have you a spanner and a bit of insulating tape?"

"I don't know what those things are. But in the back under the seat there are many things. Come, we look."

She opened the door with its broken and rusted hinge. Jim dragged the seat out and put it on the grass verge. He took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves. He said to her gaily, "After all, I used to mend tanks—and this will only take five minutes. You can sit inside if you like and read the paper."

"No. I will watch you. I prefer to watch you."

"Right. Off we go."

They chatted easily together as he worked.

"Jim," she said to him presently, "you have not said a word, a single word, of how I can speak English. Tell me, please, if you think my English is not good."

"I think it's marvellous." He twisted the wires of a severed cable neatly together and began to unroll the sticky tape. "We'll be through in a minute. Where did you learn your English?" He grinned. "All I taught you was 'Hurry through the gap, chaps, and press on regardless.' Do you remember?"

"Of course I remember," she murmured softly. "'Hurry through the gap, chaps, and press on regardless.' I never knew what it meant. I still don't really know."

"It's a sort of joke we had at Alamein. Not really funny at all. But tell me about your English."

"It is quite simple. I was at a day school in Boulogne with nuns. There I learned the words, but my accent was terrible. When I left I was sixteen, and I still took lessons, in English and in dressmaking, and in how to play the piano. Then, every summer, we had an English lady to stay at the farm for one, two months, and I talked with her all the time, to make my accent less terrible."

"But why did you want to learn English?"

"I don't know. But I did. I wanted to learn English very much."

He pressed the insulating tape firmly round the cable and stood back.

"That should be all right," he said with a wholly engaging touch of pride. "Now, if you'll just hop inside and press the self-starter, we'll see what happens."

She pressed the self-starter with her thumb. A surge of power flowed along the mended cable and the engine started with a splutter. She shook her head, laughing.

"I think you are a wonderful man, Jim. For a long, long time a thing is dead, and then you come and, all in a moment, it is alive again. I find that very strange."

"Do you? Keep the engine running, and I'll put back the seat. Do you live far away?"

"No. Not far away."

"You know, I've got to catch the boat at a quarter-past six."

"Yes, I know." As she glanced at the watch on her wrist he saw the flash of a diamond on the third finger of her left hand, and the brightness went out of the sun.

The road was flat and slate-blue, undulating like a cobra between forests of pine. After a little while he pointed ot her hand.

"Tell me about that. Your ring, I mean."

"My ring. Oh, yes. That. It was given to me by my fiance."

"So you're engaged, Marie-Josephe."

"Yes, I am engaged."

"I hope you will be very happy."

"I hope so also."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Henri Dubot. He is a notaire, a lawyer, who lives in Boulogne. You will meet him. He will be to-day for lunch at the farm of my father." She looked steadily ahead, not speaking. Then she said in a small voice, "And you, Jim?"

"Me?" he said quickly.

"Yes. You. Surely, after the years, you, too——"

"Of course." He saw Cherry Mitchell through the cracked windscreen.

"Of course. Me, too." He went on, in a strong defensive voice. "I'm going to marry a London girl called Cherry Mitchell. So there we are, Marie-Josephe. Both of us engaged."

"Yes, we are both of us engaged. It is very happy for us." She went on talking, making words. "It is a beautiful day to-day. Our fields begin here. The spring was not good and we had much rain—so much rain that the ground was full of water, and it was difficult to . . . to——"

She sought for the word and he gave it to her. "To plough." She went on. "That is the word. That is right, 'to plough.' It was difficult to plough. Now it is much better."

He looked over the sunlit fields and a Cotswold farmer spoke. "Yes. But even so, some of your barley is flattened. You must have had a lot of rain and a south-west wind."

"Yes. That is true." She accepted his knowledge of wind and weather without comment or surprise. "Tell me of your Mademoiselle Mitchell. Is she young and very pretty?"

JIM said obstinately: "Yes. Cherry is young and pretty. She is fair — and very pretty. What's your Monsieur . . . Monsieur Dubot like?"

"You will see him," she said shortly. She slowed down the car and turned and looked at Jim steadily. "The farm of my father is near, less than one kilometre. When we have had lunch, we will go together to Boulogne, you and I. You promise?"

"I promise, Marie-Josephe."

"Good. Now here, on the left, is the farm of my father. When we go together to Boulogne, you will tell me more of your Mademoiselle Mitchell."

. . . . . .

St. John's Wood woke up grumpily, stretched itself, remembered that it was Sunday morning and turned over to give itself another blessed hour between the sheets.

But sleep refused to come back to Cherry Mitchell. She had wakened early after a very bad night ridden by unquiet dreams, and now she lay in bed, sharply awake and sharply aware of a nagging sense of guilt. Over and over again she found herself making excuses, trying to minimise what she had done.

After all, what did it amount to? All she'd done was to phone up a boy she'd known for years and ask him to take her out for the afternoon. No harm in that. No harm at all —nor would there be either. And if Jim Carver hadn't gone off to France with The Hand and Flower Darts Club, it simply wouldn't have entered her mind even to give Stan a tinkle, much less make a date with him.

Half-past nine. Jim must be well on his way by now, and Dad would be waking up soon and wanting his cup of tea and the papers. Funny how fond Dad was of the Sunday picture paper, with him being so holy. When she'd asked him about it, he'd been very angry at first, and then he'd said that there was no merit in being good unless you knew how bad other people were, and that the things you saw in the Sunday picture paper made you pray all the harder.

He'd refused to discuss it any more, and she had had to be content with this undoubted piece of sophistry.

Just on twenty to ten and it was a beautiful day. It really was. Just the right sort of day for a spin on the back of a motor-bike.

Cherry got up and took the multifarious pins out of her hair and brushed it till it shone. She washed and did her teeth, and put on her dressing-gown and her slippers. Then she tip-toed downstairs, took the papers from the letter-box and went into the kitchen and put the whistling kettle on.

While waiting for it to boil, she looked at the pictures in the middle page. The one on the left caught her eye immediately, and she gazed at it critically. It was the photograph of a young woman in a Bikini bathing dress. She stood on the end of a diving-board, her arms raised as if she were about to plunge into the sea.

As there was no sea visible for her to plunge into, Cherry assumed rightly that she had taken up that posture for another purpose—to show off her figure. The headline to the picture was "Oh la la!" and the caption read: "The girl who put the 'amour' into 'glamour' —Mademoiselle Fifi Delacourt of Boulogne."

Boulogne!

Only last night she had told Jim that the French young ladies were a lot of dressed-up hussies. Well, "dressed-up" was hardly the right word, not for this one, anyway, the shameless thing. And Boulogne was the very place Jim had gone to, as he said, "to see where his friend was." No wonder he'd taken thirty bobs' worth of flowers with him. She examined the picture of Miss Delacourt from head to pointed toe with increasing venom.

Her half-formed decision to cancel her appointment with Stan Rossiter vanished utterly, and she was determined to teach Jim a lesson. She made the tea, tucked the paper under her arm and marched upstairs.

"You awake?"

"Yes. I've been awake this long time. Lovely morning, Cherry."

"The morning's all right. There's your tea and the paper."

"Good girl. Sit down, dear."

She removed his trousers from the back of the armchair, and sat down in silence while her father opened the paper. She knew instantly what he was looking at and her mouth tightened. After he had looked with great care at the photograph and read the caption, he pronounced judgment.

"'All wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman.'"

"That's all right. We're not all like that."

"It says in the paper that this . . . this woman comes from Boolon." He looked at his daughter over his spectacles. "That's where Jim's gone."

"Well," she said sharply, "what of it?"

"I only remark on the fact. Bit of a coincidence, that's all. No need to take on."

"I'm not taking on. Some people got no decency, that's all."

"Meaning who?"

"Meaning the young lady—so called—in the photo that

To page 39

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Continuing . . . . **The Hand and Flower**

from page 38

you've been looking at for the last five minutes. That's who."

Mr. Mitchell rapidly turned over the page. "I suppose Jim and the boys'll be getting near Boolon by now. Funny going all that way, to Boolon, just for the day."

"I don't see anything funny about it."

"You got out of the wrong side of your bed this morning, Miss!" He went on in warning tones, "You better mind your manners by the time you get to your Aunty Flo this afternoon."

Aunty Flo! Cherry's jaw dropped. She had clean forgotten about Aunty Flo, that terrible old woman who lived at Muswell Hill, and whose tongue was as swift and as forked as an adder's.

With a great effort, she kept her voice casual.

"Oh, Aunty Flo. I'd forgotten about her. Well, I can't go, not this afternoon I can't."

Mr. Mitchell looked at her incredulously: "What did you say?"

"I said I couldn't go to Aunty Flo's, not this afternoon. I've got a date."

"You've got a date!" He shook his head. "You got a date."

"That's right, Dad."

Mr. Mitchell sat up in bed. He flung the Sunday paper on the floor. It so happened that the photograph of Fifi Delacourt fell upwards and caught Cherry's eye. In an odd way it stiffened her resolution. Her father said thickly: "You will come with me to your Aunty Flo's this afternoon. That's all. Now go below and cook my breakfast."

"I'll cook you your breakfast, Dad. But I can't go to Aunty Flo."

"We'll see about that, Miss . . . and give me back the paper off the floor."

Cherry stood up and gathered the pages together. She gave the paper to her father. He took it with a grunt. She left the room with what dignity she could muster. Nothing on earth was going to stop her meeting Stan Rossiter now . . .

She refilled the kettle and put it on the gas-ring, broke an egg into a cup. Dad liked his egg fried both sides. While she waited for the grease to melt in the pan, she buttered three slices of bread and began to lay the tray. She didn't want any breakfast herself. The very sight of food made her feel queer. She went about her task mechanically, her mind far away from what she was doing. She was planning, down to the last stitch, what she would wear when she met Stan.

Up to this morning she'd meant to put on her old wine corduroy shorts and her leather jacket and her beret—all things that Stan knew and approved of—because she was going on his motor-bike. But now she was out for blood. She'd teach Jim Carver—and Dad—and that French hussy, come to that. She'd wear her nylons that she'd bought from the boy with the crinkly hair. They'd go well with her peep-toe wedge sandals. She'd put on her new flowered art-silk frock, and she'd carry her swagger coat.

Dad's breakfast was ready. She carried the tray upstairs and entered his room. Mr. Mitchell's not very swift brain had had time to ponder the implications of his daughter's pronouncement. He said with ominous calm: "Sit down, Cherry."

She put the tray on the bed and sat down.

"You say you got a date this afternoon."

"That's right. I have. That's what I said."

"You told me last night that when Jim came back to-night, you and he were going to get engaged. Is that right?"

"Not quite, Dad. I told you that we were going to talk about it."

"Same thing."

"No it isn't. Not by a long chalk, it isn't."

Mr. Mitchell was unwilling to reopen the subject of his daughter's views on being wanted. With a considerable effort he kept his temper. "Who's your date with?"

"A boy."

MR. MITCHELL choked. When he could trust himself to speak he said: "Who is he?"

Cherry wrapped her dressing-gown a little more tightly round her. Now for it . . .

"That is a matter which I prefer not to discuss."

"You refuse to tell me?"

"Sorry, Dad, but I do."

Ten, twelve years ago, the day the air-raids began, he had packed his little daughter off to the safety of the country. The next afternoon she had come back, having travelled over a hundred miles by herself to return to the inferno of London. She had told her father then that she had been thinking about it, and that she wasn't going to be turned out of her home to please Hitler or any other nasty foreigner, come to that.

Again she had been cast forth, again she had returned, trembling but determined. This time he had beaten her, beaten her in the cellar while the bombs crashed on St. John's Wood and the fire engines jangled through the burning streets. Then they had said a prayer together—and Cherry had stayed. He saw that same little girl to-day and the knowledge of his own impotence to bend the steel spring within her sent a surge of anger to his fingertips.

Suddenly he became articulate. He shouted at her: "Go to your room this instant, Cherry Mitchell, or I . . . I—"

"I have no wish to remain here."

She stood up. This time her dignity was not assumed. It was very real. As she walked out of the room, her father jumped from his bed. Cherry crossed the landing. He seized her by her shoulders and flung her violently into her room. He wrenched the key from the inside of the lock and slammed the door with a bang that shook the window-pane.

Cherry half-stumbled to her bed and sat down, shaking. She heard the key rattle in the lock, the lock click and the key withdrawn.

Through the thin panels of the door, her father shouted at her furiously. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.' There you are, Miss, and there you stay till I take you to your Aunty Flo's."

Once again the church bells called the good people of St. John's Wood to come and pray, but Cherry Mitchell, imprisoned and sitting on the unmade bed of what had become her cell, was unable to answer their summons. She heard Dad's step on the stairs, and then the hall door shut, and she knew that he had got dressed and gone to Matins.

When the bells ceased their calling, Cherry got up and tried the door. She did so automatically and without hope. It was securely locked. She pursed her lips and crossed the room and looked out of the open window.

Between the sill and the little yard, with its door into the lane, there was a sheer drop of about twenty feet. Cherry looked to her left and to her right. On the right there was a rusty black drainpipe that made a right angle about three feet below the window, and then ran perpendicularly down to the yard's brick wall—and to freedom. Cherry measured the drop, shuddered, and went back to her bed.

The house was very silent, and even the sounds in the sunny street were muffled. Cherry gazed at the locked door with narrowed eyes. She became conscious of an unfamiliar emotion, of a mounting, impersonal resentment against the deprivation of liberty. There was no longer any thought of Stan Rossiter in her mind. His puny image had faded against the grievous, academic wrong of imprisonment without trial.

The blood that ran in her

To page 40

Beauty in brief:

For smooth hands

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Those familiar rules of hand care—protect, cleanse, and beautify—always hold good when given a fair test.

MOST people know about wearing rubber gloves for dishwashing and scrubbing, applying protective lotions, and avoiding hand immersion in strong cleaning agents.

Shake talcum on to your hands before putting on rubber gloves.

Add a water-softener to water that is known to be hard. Use soap with a vegetable-oil base, and work up a good lather, massaging your hands well to increase circulation.

Lightly scrub your hands from wrists to fingertips with a nailbrush to stimulate natural oils. Rinse hands thoroughly after immersion in soapy water.

Always dry hands carefully afterwards. Then use plenty of lotion.

Regular overnight lubrication treatments, and massage and exercise to relax muscles and stimulate circulation are extra attentions that promote presentable hands.

You needn't subtract your comfort... to add allure!

Pretty figuring comes so easily in a Warner's Le Gant!

FABULOUS FREE-LIFT (right): Excitingly beautiful! Le Gant's exclusive Free-Lift corselette with the nylon marquisette bra that actually lifts free! Otherwise all elastic for heavenly comfort, heavenly contours! Clever TwoWay-OneWay control. Slide fastener at back. No. A3830B, B cup, sizes 32-38.

SLEIGHT OF HAND (extreme right) to make you slight of figure! Snow-white Le Gant girdle with 2-inch Sta-Up-Top waistband that never rolls over, always stays up! Down-stretch satin lastex front and back panels, lightly boned at front; 2-way stretch leno at sides. No. A651, sizes 24-28. (Also available in pink.)

With it, white poplin "Alphabet" bra by Le Gant. No. A2296—A cup, 32-36; B and C cup, 32-38; CC cup, 34-42; D cup, 36-42.

Be fitted at your favourite store!

Bras, Girdles, Corselettes by WARNER'S Le Gant

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Continuing . . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 39

veins was English blood, and the distillation of the centuries had thinned it not at all. What was the thing she had learned at school and thought to have forgotten long ago, a thing called Magna Carta and "have his carcase" or something?

It all boiled down to the fact that Dad had no right to lock her in.

And long before Runnymede, where Magna Carta was signed, there had been that British queen, what was her name? Oh, yes, Boadisca, queen of the Iceni, bleeding from the Roman rods, who sought with an indignant mien counsel of her country's gods . . . And after her, Elizabeth of England, who'd been put in the Tower of London once, but had got out and become Black Bess . . . or was that someone else? And Florence Nightingale with her lamp, and Mrs. Pankhurst.

A throng of half-remembered, hitherto unrealised ancestors, English all of them, rose up and beckoned Cherry Mitchell to the window, and she went on faltering steps.

She looked down to the sunny yard and imagined, with terrifying clarity, a crumpled figure lying there waiting for the ambulance to come from the hospital and lift her up on a stretcher to take her away.

What say the reeds of Runnymede? The winds moved them and they rustled dryly, whispering in her ears. Cherry drew a deep breath, filling her lungs with the English air. With great deliberation she went away from the window and opened her chest of drawers.

Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, in bra and girdle; Elizabeth of England in an old-rose slip-and-pantie set; Florence Nightingale in nylons; Mrs. Pankhurst in pink lace gloves; Cherry Mitchell in a new flowered art-silk frock. But the scarlet fingernails that Cherry touched up with her polishing-pad were the nails of Grace Darling, broken and bleeding at the oars.

She put on rather more rouge than usual, because her cheeks were as pale as her courage was high. She found a pencil and an old receipt from C. & A. Modes and wrote a brief note to Dad. She wrapped her green-and-red jungle scarf and her wedge sandals in her swagger coat and dropped them out of the window into the yard. They seemed to fall a terribly long way, and the thud with which they hit the ground made Cherry feel even sicker than she felt already.

Briefly she commended her soul to God. She went back and added a postscript to her note. Then she climbed out of the window and felt for the angle of the drainpipe with toes enclosed in the nylons she'd bought from the boy with the crinkly hair . . .

. . . . . .

Corporal Marvin P. Lewes, United States Air Force, late of Maine (New England) and now of Pinner, Middlesex (England), swung his jeep round the corner of the road and slammed his brakes on hard. He had seen an electrifying sight. From a first-floor window of a house, a young woman came out backwards, feeling with her toes for the angle of the drainpipe.

Despite the modernity of his speech and appearance, Corporal Lewes burned with an old world chivalry. In less than thirty seconds he was standing at the bottom of the drainpipe, his muscular arms outspread. He looked up, half-expecting to see the furious and frustrated face of Stalin himself at the window. Instead he saw a remarkably shapely pair of nylon stockings, and quite a lot of an old-rose slip-and-pantie set. With true New England chivalry, he averted his eyes and called upwards, "O.K., you can drop right now."

Cherry looked down desperately—and did so.

. . . . . .

The farm stood to the left of the road on the brow of a smooth hill. There were black-and-white cows in the wide pastures, and a field of wheat was turning from green to gold in the valley below.

Marie - Josephe turned through an open gate into the farmyard and put the brakes on. As the car shuddered to a stop a huge, shaggy dog launched itself from one of the out-houses and bounded forward, jumping on the running-board. Marie-Josephe put her hand on his head.

"This is Siki. In the night, he is the best and most savage watchdog in the Pas-de-Calais. Please make friends with him."

Jim got out of the car and advanced cautiously. Siki flattened his stomach against the ground and bared his teeth, growling and twitching his tail. Marie-Josephe joined Jim, and began to talk softly, reassuringly, speaking in French.

"You are a foolish fellow, Siki, a very foolish fellow, for this is our friend, Jim." She patted the dog's head. "This Englishman will not do any of us any harm. He is very welcome to Clos d'Argent."

NOW the dog's eyes flickered from Jim to Marie-Josephe. The growling died away in his throat, and the stiff body relaxed.

"Now I go to him; he will not do you any harm."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. At least, I am very nearly sure."

"So be it, Marie-Josephe. Even though I feel rather like Daniel——"

"Who is this Daniel? Is he also an Englishman?"

"No. A prophet in the Bible. He's the chap who hobnobbed with lions."

She laughed. "Oh yes, I know. Be like Daniel and—'press on regardless.'"

"Here we go."

Jim advanced steadily. He stretched out his fingers and laid his hand firmly on the shaggy head and scratched behind Siki's ears. After a moment, Siki began to sniff at Jim's ankles. Then, as if suddenly making up his mind, he lifted his head and licked the back of Jim's hand with his pink tongue. Marie-Josephe laughed with delight.

"You see! The prophet Daniel has made a great victory over the lion. You and I are both his friends. He will be like that with you now forever while it is daylight. From Siki you have the . . . the freedom of Clos d'Argent. It would be different at night."

"Is that the name of the farm?"

"Yes. Clos d'Argent. It means 'the field of silver.'"

"It is a very pretty name for a farm, Marie-Josephe."

"I am very happy that you like it. Now come and I will present you to my mother and to my father and to my grandmother and . . . and to my fiance. But first, I will put Siki on his chain."

"Quite unnecessary. Look." He passed his hand gently, unhesitatingly over the dog's mouth and Siki jumped up and put his paws on Jim's chest. "You see."

"Yes, I see. But, all the same, I must put him on his chain." She faced him. Her eyes were bright and brimful of laughter. All of an instant the years between them had gone and she was once again the little girl in the cotton frock, singing in an orchard about how to plant cabbages. It was a brief and startling glimpse, and then maturity closed around her again.

She said solemnly: "Siki, alas, is contre la loi."

"What do you mean?"

"He is against the law. He is a rebel. He does not like notaires, lawyers, very much."

"That must be . . . be very embarrassing for you," said Jim huskily.

After the bright sunshine, the hall of the farmhouse was dim and cool, as dim and cool as the inside of a wine bottle. Jim followed Marie-Josephe along a tiled passage. As he did so, he was conscious of a strange sense of repetition. The simple act of walking behind Marie-Josephe along this tiled passage was deeply familiar to him. He had done it before. Maybe it had been a thousand years ago, but he had done it before. He was absolutely certain of that.

There were four people in the room that Marie-Josephe entered, two women and two men. They were sitting at a large, round table, and Jim saw that there was one vacant chair, and that a place had been laid for lunch. He hesitated awkwardly at the door for a moment, and then Marie-Josephe took his arm and led him forward.

As the two men stood up she said gaily: "You will please forgive me that I am late, but I have for you a very big surprise. I bring with me an old friend. Maman, you will remember Sergeant Carver, Sergeant Jim, of the Lancers."

Jim found himself shaking hands with a calm-faced middle-aged woman in black. She said with great courtesy: "Monsieur, one must admit that . . . among so many English. But you are extremely welcome."

"Thank you, Madame."

"As you see, my mother speaks English very well, much better than me. Also my father. Papa, you will remember Sergeant Jim Carver, who was with us. His tanks were among the apple trees and he used to help to make the butter."

"Of course." Monsieur Berthier was a tall, spare man with an immense bushy moustache. "We had many English with us, Mr. Carver, but I am sure that I remember you. You were very kind to Marie-Josephe. You are going to stay to lunch with us, naturally."

"Thank you very much. It's very kind of you."

"We are delighted. Now I must present you to my mother, to the grandmother of Marie-Josephe." He turned to an old lady and spoke rapidly in French. He said to Jim with a shrug: "You must understand, alas, that my mother has no English. No word at all. 'Maman, je vous presente Monsieur Carver, soldat anglais, ami de la famille.'"

Jim found himself looking at an elderly edition of Marie-Josephe. The resemblance was so startling that he blinked. True it was that her face was a maze of wrinkles, while Marie-Josephe's skin was as smooth as ivory. But in spite of that, the delicate bone formation was exactly the same and the eyes were as bright as those of her granddaughter.

He smiled involuntarily, and the old lady, as if she had divined his thought, smiled back. He took her brown hand in his and, to his astonishment, he bent over it and kissed it lightly.

Then, he thought: "Jim Carver, have you gone stark, staring mad, kissing women's hands? Good job the men from the Darts Club aren't here to see you . . ." He straightened his back. The old lady, her dark eyes frighteningly observant, was still smiling at him. She said briefly to her son: "Monsieur est un chevalier."

"My grandmother says that you are a . . . a chevalier. I don't know the word in English. It means that she considers you to be noble, and that she likes you. It is most rare! And now come. This is my fiance, Henri Dubot."

So this was the man Marie-Josephe was going to marry. Henri was about thirty, and already showing the first indication of the plumpness he would acquire with the years. He was undeniably good-looking, in a dark, rather furtive way, and his skin had a paleness about it as if he worked too long indoors. His mouth, under a neat moustache, was full and mobile, and he was quick to smile.

He was dressed in a black

To page 42

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Continuing . . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 40

coat and waistcoat and striped trousers and his linen was immaculate. He looked what he was, a successful and confident man whose feet were firmly on the earth—and that was where he proposed to keep them.

Marie-Josephe said solemnly: "This will be a good occasion for you to speak English, Henri. For many months my fiance has been to a school for English in Boulogne, Jim, and sometimes I talk with him to practise. Now it is the big moment!"

Henri Dubot laughed with a flash of white teeth. He said, speaking very slowly and precisely, having a little trouble with his aspirates: "I am very 'appy to meet you, sir. It is a pleasure for me." He turned to Marie-Josephe. "Voila, cherie!" He kissed her lightly on both cheeks, and put his arm with an oddly possessive gesture around her shoulders.

Madame Berthier said carefully: "We have not begun to have lunch yet, Monsieur . . ."

"My name is Jim. Just Jim."

" . . . Monsieur Jim. We were waiting for Marie-Josephe. While my daughter is preparing for you a place at our table, you would like to drink a small Calvados?"

Jim stood by the porcelain stove, facing Henri Dubot, Marie-Josephe, her father and mother had left the room. There were long pauses between sentences, and Jim could almost see the process of word-building going on in Henri Dubot's mind.

He spoke only when he had picked each unfamiliar word out of his vocabulary and attached it to another word and formed a sentence, complete with commas and full stops.

"You were a soldier in the British Army, sir?"

"Yes. That's right. I was in the 25th Lancers, in tanks. You know, tanks. But you mustn't call me 'sir.' "

On a ledge over the stove there were two highly polished shell-cases of the 1914-1918 war. They were brass and came from a French .75. Good gun it was, too. Not up to our 25-pounders, but a good gun, all the same.

"England is a monarchy while France is a republic," said Henri Dubot portentously. "Each system has much to recommend it."

"Yes, I've . . . I've often thought that," said Jim. "We like our Royal Family very much in England."

"They are also much loved in France, Monsieur."

There was on the piano a photograph of a little girl in a white dress. She had on her face a look of most unnatural piety, and she clasped a Missal with self-consciously reverent fingers.

Jim had seen photographs like that before in French houses, and he knew, without even looking any more, that it was of Marie-Josephe on the occasion of her first communion.

"The French are a gay people, given to light wines and to dancing," said Henri Dubot. "The English prefer beer and football."

"Yes," said Jim. "Of course in the summer you do bicycle racing and we play cricket."

"Ah! Cricket. I 'ave 'eard of this exciting cricket."

Jim looked desperately towards the door of the kitchen. If only Marie-Josephe would come back, or her father, or somebody. He glanced again at the piano, at the photograph, and, as he looked back, he caught Marie-Josephe's grandmother's eye. She was looking at him, her dark eyes—Marie-Josephe's eyes—fixed on his face in a shrewd, unblinking gaze.

So intense, so searching was that look that Jim shifted his feet. Then a strange thing happened. The maze of wrinkles dissolved into the smile of a young girl, and a gleam of pure malice shone momentarily in her eyes—and Jim knew with certainty that that malice was not directed towards him. He smiled at the old lady. He was glad that he had kissed her hand.

"I 'ad some friends in the British Army 'oo, I am sure, played at cricket. I was the friend of many officers, of brigadiers, colonels, majors—all cricketers. I also was acquainted with a captain, a captain 'oo's name was Edwards. 'E was a merry fellow."

"I don't think I knew him. You see, I was a sergeant."

"Please?"

"A sergeant." He traced the outlines of three imaginary stripes on his arm. "I was a sergeant."

"You were not officer?"

"No. An N.C.O. A sergeant."

Henri Dubot raised his eyebrows. Happy in the knowledge that he had a silent ally in the room, Jim suppressed an inward giggle. He was aware that he had been dismissed as a person of no consequence.

"Fall out the N.C.Os."

He turned as the kitchen door opened and Marie-Josephe came into the room. It seemed that with her came all the sunshine of France.

The Calvados was colorless and it was offered with great formality in glasses that were no bigger than thimbles. Everybody said "Sante" to each other, and Jim swallowed his at a gulp. What it lacked in quantity it certainly had in power—for the drink went down his throat like red-hot barbed wire and twisted itself into a knot in the membrane of his stomach. He put down the glass with a cough and felt in his pocket for a handkerchief.

Just as he realised with embarrassment that he had come without one, Marie-Josephe slid her own into his hand and he took it gratefully. He thought that no one had seen her swift, covert gesture, but he was wrong. He cleared his throat and put the handkerchief carefully into his breast pocket. He'd return it to her later—or not.

He sat between Madame Berthier and Marie-Josephe. Next to her, on her right, was Henri Dubot, and her grandmother sat opposite him, her son on her right.

Marie-Josephe, during her ten minutes' absence in the kitchen, had made a quiche aux champignons, a sort of deep flan of scrambled eggs and chopped mushrooms, and she asked Jim if he liked it. He said that it was jolly good.

"I am not a woman given to exaggeration," said Marie-Josephe, "but I hope that you consider me to be a good cook."

"I think you are a marvellous cook."

As though at a signal, Henri Dubot removed the napkin from inside his collar and wiped his mouth. It was manifest that the process of verbal brick-laying had started again and the table waited for the pronouncement. He beamed at Marie-Josephe.

"I am in accord with the Sergeant. After we have been married, you will always prepare quiche aux champignons for dejeuner on Sundays."

It was not only a command. The words had been carefully chosen to achieve more than one purpose, and Jim, his ears and his mind attuned to a new sensitivity, read their several messages. Monsieur Dubot had deliberately used the word "Sergeant." That had been done to establish Jim once again and even more firmly as a non-commissioned officer. "After we have been married." That phrase too was more than a gentle reminder of his status as the future bridegroom of . . . a marvellous cook.

His bride had been relegated to the kitchen and she had her orders.

Yet all these subtleties faded before one shining truth: Monsieur Dubot had considered it necessary to issue this many-pronged challenge and, because of that, Jim was deeply content.

It was left to Grandmere Berthier to electrify the table. Her dark eyes flashed and she chuckled. She said in fluent English that had in it the bewildering faint cadence of an Irish brogue: "There are times in the year when you can get neither eggs nor mushrooms, Henri."

Where? How? When?

While her astonished family plied her with questions, Grandmere Berthier sat back and refused to be drawn. Yes, it was true that she had quelques mots, a few words of English. She had learned them a long time ago, it must be many years now.

It was a matter of no importance, and there were things of far greater interest to discuss than the vocabulary of an old lady. The recent election, for example, the mounting price of butter, the quality of the new wine. The family had a guest at their table, and it was to him that their conversation should be addressed.

She said suddenly, sharply, to her son, "Je t'en prie, Louis." The subject was closed.

The flan was followed by roti de boeuf, served generously. It was beef such as Jim had not eaten since before the war and, no economist, he marvelled at the bare butchers' shops of England. Petits pois, cooked in butter, saute potatoes, salad, Camembert, fruit — this was the most delicious lunch he had eaten for years.

It was with a sense of genial repletion that he noticed Monsieur Dubot's air of preoccupation. Something was coming. With mathematical precision the cartridge was slid into the breech, the bolt was shut, the rifle was raised, the sights aligned, first pressure taken on the trigger. Now for it . . .

"It was the English," said Monsieur Dubot in accusing tones, "who burned Joan of Arc in the year 1431."

"And it was the same English," said Marie - Josephe gently, "who came to France in 1944 and who now lie beside my brother Denis in the Cimetiere de l'Est." She stood up. "I would like your permission, Papa, to show Jim the farm."

"With pleasure, Marie-Josephe. My daughter, Monsieur, is a friend of each of the animals."

"You desire me to accompany you, cherie?" asked Monsieur Dubot anxiously.

"As you wish, Henri. But I know how you care for your coffee and liqueur and your cigar. Also, there is the question of Siki. And Jim, I remember, does not take coffee. Do you, Jim?"

"Never," said Jim. He coughed. "At least, practially never."

"You will return soon, please. It is necessary for me to return to Boulogne this afternoon, cherie. I have a conference with a client at 'alf-past three."

"Oh yes," said Marie-Josephe soothingly, "we will return. Come, Jim."

As he left the dining-room, Jim glanced involuntarily at Grandmere Berthier. Was there, or was there not, the same gleam of sardonic satisfaction in her dark, unfathomable eyes? He half bowed to her, and she smiled.

Yes, there was.

. . . . . .

Mr. Collins swallowed the last of the Yorkshire pudding and put down his knife and fork. "Funny thing," he said. "I wonder what can have happened to Jim Carver. He said to me, leaving the ship, that he had a bit of private business to attend to, and that he'd come straight on here for dinner. Well, I'm the last person in the world to inquire into anybody's private business, but I can't help wondering if he's all right. Do you think he's all right, Mr. Grenfell?"

"I know he's all right."

"Oh, you do, do you?" Mr. Collins raised his eyebrows. "All he said to me was that he had a bit of private business to do and, as you very well know, Mr. Grenfell, I'd rather tear my tongue out than inquire into what other people don't want to tell me freely and of their own accord. On the other hand, I am the Secretary of the Darts Club Outing—honorary secretary I need hardly say—and as such—" He paused expectantly.

Luke said soothingly: "I shouldn't worry at all. He'll turn up all right."

"I sincerely hope so. This Outing has been a great responsibility." The treacle-tart was brought in and he attacked it with gusto.

Occasionally, he glanced at a slip of paper from his waistcoat pocket. His big moment was almost at hand, the moment for which he had practised so often before the bedroom looking-glass. At long last, the remnants of the treacle-tart were removed, the waitress ordered out of the room and the doors shut.

Mr. Collins rose. He surveyed the members of The Hand and Flower Darts Club with authoritative benevolence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "far away from home as we are, I ask you to charge your glasses and to drink to the health of Her Majesty the Queen. Stand up, Charley."

The loyal toast was drunk and, as Shorty stubbed out the butt of his fifth cigarette, Mr. Collins added malevolently, "Gentlemen, you may smoke."

Again he survyed the room, putting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and rocking gently.

"Now, Gentlemen, I won't detain you long, but I have got one or two things to say. We have had, by and large, a most successful season—with one or two exceptions. In the match against our friends of the Trout and Pike, we were left with thirty-five to get, five and double fifteen. Now that was a little problem that should have presented no difficulties to gentlemen of your calibre . . ."

As Mr. Collins picked his way unerringly through a maze of long-forgotten scores and subtractions, the members of The Hand and Flower Darts Club thought their own thoughts.

They had plenty of time for thinking. It was a quarter-past two before his dreary monologue came to an end and The Hand and Flower Darts Club was once more temporarily united in relief.

"Now, Gentlemen, as we all know, the boat sails at ten minutes past six. It may be that you gentlemen might like to have a look at the shops, or you might like to have a run out to Wimmeroo, which is a select little resort about three miles away. I am sorry that our good friend Jim Carver hasn't turned up yet, but that—I'm sure you'll all agree—is his misfortune. Whatever you do decide to do, the great thing is to stick together.

"Suppose you do get separated — and I most sincerely hope you won't—we all meet here, come what may, at five o'clock precisely. As for myself, I have a little commission to execute for Mrs. Collins, so I shall not be accompanying you. And now, Gentlemen, as they say here, 'ohrevoor' and keep yourselves to yourselves. Gentlemen, I thank you."

Mr. Collins sat down. He was a little disappointed that there was no round of applause. He frowned in some displeasure as Trevor Hilgrove rose to his feet. Trevor's manner was easy and beguiling.

"My good friends," he said, "as a non-member of your Club, it is perhaps a presumption on my part to address you. On the other hand, I have been fascinated by the many mathematical post-mortems conducted with uncanny skill by Mr. Collins, and I congratulate him wholeheartedly on an elephantine memory. Like our friend Jim Carver and the Master of Ceremonies himself"—he bowed towards Mr. Collins—"I too have a personal errand in Boulogne. It is a duty rather than a pleasure and concerns a sick

To page 43

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Continuing . . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 42

"May I suggest therefore that those of us who wish to stick together should do so, and that others should be permitted to go their diverse ways."

This time the applause was immediate and hearty. Before it had subsided, Charley Brewer was on his feet. His speech was brief and to the point.

"Er, er," said Charley.

. . . . . .

Before The Hand and Flower Darts Club was half-way up the hill between the port and the Old Town, it was no longer a single unit. Charley Brewer was the first to detach himself. While his companions were looking with glazed and incredulous eyes at the shop window, a special sort of merchandise had caught Charley's eye and he crossed the road to inspect it more closely. It hung on a pole outside a combined drapery and toyshop. It was a pair of old-fashioned, pink-up pink stays, its four elastic suspenders fluttering in the frolic wind that came off the sea.

Charley looked at it for a long time, fingering the bundle of francs in his pocket. Then he stood on tiptoe and reached up and gave one of the suspenders a playful tug. The door of the shop was flung open and the proprietor, a red-faced man in his shirt-sleeves, shot out. He jerked his face to within one inch of Charley's and hissed out a stream of what Charley could only suppose to be invective. The word 'salle-té' was repeated several times in a rising crescendo.

Discretion was clearly the better part of valor, and Charley whipped off his bowler and tucked it under his arm and his white gym shoes went twinkling down the street.

. . . . . .

The Cafe Gerard was crowded and noisy when Trevor Hilgrove reached it, for here was Boulogne's Sunday afternoon meeting-place.

He stood by the door, taking in every detail of the seething activity. He noted the swing door marked "Toilettes et Telephone" and the notice that said "English Spoken: Welsh Rabbit: Steak and Chips." The clock behind the bar struck three, and Trevor stood to one side as the revolving door turned slowly to admit yet another customer.

Punctual as ever—that was Pierre.

The new-comer looked casually round the cafe, chose the only table that had two vacant chairs, made his way to it, sat down, putting his elbows on his dispatch-case. Equally casually, Trevor followed him and took the chair opposite, leaning his darts-board against the leg of the table. Neither gave the slightest sign of recognition.

Pierre was a man of about thirty. He wore a beret and a long, light jacket cut in the style known as American drape. He ordered a cup of coffee and a fine, while Trevor ordered a glass of beer. Pierre stroked his unshaven chin and took a copy of "Combat" from his dispatch-case and began to read.

Not to be outdone Trevor took his folded "News of the World" from his pocket and buried himself with the front page.

Seemingly oblivious of each other's presence, the two conspirators waited with every manifestation of innocent detachment for "Operation Timepiece" to begin.

. . . . . .

It was purely accidental that Luke Grenfell found himself walking up the hill in close proximity to Shorty—who ran for Mr. McIsaac the bookie. During Mr. Collins' interminable speech he had once or twice had forced upon his consciousness the fact that Shorty was staring at him through glazed eyes, as if trying to concentrate upon him all the malevolence of which he was capable.

Luke had shifted uncomfortably. An initial sense of embarrassment had changed to one of sharp irritation. He had always known that Shorty didn't like him, and sometimes he had vaguely wondered how he had engendered the hatred of this unhappy introvert.

Shorty was only a yard or two on his right and Luke instinctively increased the distance between them. Shorty looked round.

"All right," he said, "all right. I ain't got fleas."

Luke stopped. He took off his horn-rimmed spectacles and polished them furiously. Then he strode after Shorty and put his hand on one built-up shoulder and swung Shorty round.

He said angrily, "I don't know whether you've got fleas or not. But I do know that you're infernally rude."

Shorty's eyes widened. This was a new Mr. Grenfell. This tall man with the set face had nothing to do with the genial, contemptible dispenser of free pints in the public bar of The Hand and Flower.

As he stared, Luke's hand dropped from his shoulder. He said in disgust: "You make me sick."

"You don't make me feel too good myself."

Luke turned away and began to walk up the hill. The incident had barely lasted thirty seconds, but now that it was over his muscles were quivering.

A row with Shorty had obviously been boiling up for some time. Well, now it was over. For a few brief hours he was in the France he loved, and he desired ardently to savor it to the full.

"Mr. Grenfell."

"You again? What do you want now?"

Shorty said truculently: "What Jim Carver said, is it true?"

"I have no way of knowing what Jim Carver said."

"Jim Carver said that in the war you was a sailor, on the lower deck, he said, and that you had to swim for it twice."

"Well, what of it?"

Shorty shuffled his feet and put his hands in his pockets and took them out again.

After a long pause he said carelessly, "My dad was a sailor."

Luke took off his glasses and polished them, slowly this time. He said in a not unfriendly voice: "Care for a drink, Shorty?"

"I don't mind if I do."

. . . . . .

Fred Collins was having a very tiring afternoon. He flattered himself that his after-dinner speech had been a considerable success and that the boys had given him their undivided attention, but he had hoped that they would have wanted to stick together. And then there was Jim Carver. Jim hadn't even turned up at all—and no one had set eyes on him since the boat docked. Private bit of business indeed! And where was Charley Brewer?

Mr. Hilgrove presumably had gone off to see his sick friend. At least he'd shown himself gentlemanly and asked permission to go . . . Even Mr. Grenfell was nowhere to be seen. One minute he'd been arguing with Shorty only a yard or two away, and somehow they must have gone off separately, for there was no sign of Mr. Grenfell, or of Shorty either.

Net result was that here stood Mr. Fred Collins, Licensee of The Hand and Flower, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the Darts Club, Honorary Organiser and Treasurer of the Outing, alone in Boulogne, without knowing what any of them were up to.

Now what was it Emma had reminded him to get? A pair of nylons, size ten and a half, and a nice beige. Trouble was, where to get 'em. He walked along the Rue Victor Hugo, looking in all the shop windows. Almost immediately he found what he wanted. It was a shop called 'Lili de Paris.' Carefully looking round to make sure he was unobserved by any of his errant companions, Mr. Collins looked in the window.

A trio of waxen ladies, each wearing two wisps of black chiffon in the appropriate places, struck seductive attitudes against a painted Riviera sunset. On the left, a single, amputated, silk-stockinged glass leg bore a ticket saying: "Demandez la marque 'Sexy'"—and more important than any of these things was the discreet notice on the right — "English Spoken." Though there was little resemblance between the glass leg and the living limbs of Mrs. Collins, this was obviously the place.

Scenting trade, Lili herself had come to the door of the shop and had opened it invitingly. She was a suave, sophisticated young woman who looked as if she had been poured out of a jug into her black satin frock and remembered to say 'when' at exactly the right moment. She had patent-leather hair, dark blue shadows under her eyes, lashes like pitch-forks and a purple mouth. She gave Mr. Collins a brief, painted smile.

"Vous desirez, Monsieur?"

"Speak English?"

"Oh yes," said Lili, "yes please."

"Got any nylons, size ten and a half, and a nice beige?"

Lili drew to one side. She said simply: "Entrez, Monsieur."

MR. COLLINS again glanced furtively to left and right. Then feeling rather like a man who has rashly accepted an invitation to supper with Lucrezia Borgia, he stepped into the shop's dim interior.

It seemed that Lili's claim to a knowledge of English must have been exaggerated, or Mr. Collins' requirements misunderstood, for after five minutes had passed the glass panel at the back of the window slid back. Smiling slightly, Lili insinuated her filleted person into the window, removed all the chiffon from one of the wax models and disappeared again into the shop.

A further five minutes passed before Mr. Collins emerged. He was carrying a neat little parcel tied up with colored string, his roll of franc notes had been considerably depleted, and he still needed a pair of nylons, size ten and a half and a nice beige.

In spite of that, he had encountered the French and remained reasonably unscathed. Greatly emboldened by his escape, he strode along the Rue Victor Hugo with a new confidence, a new buoyance.

His steps led him in the direction of the harbor, that ever-present link with the Homeland. In the devastation of broken houses, one row alone had remained more or less intact. It contained a ship-chandlers, an antique shop, a bicycle shop, and a cafe. As Mr. Collins passed the cafe, a surge of tinny music smote his ears, and he stopped in his tracks.

He listened entranced to the song that reverberated out of the horn of an ancient gramophone—for it took him back more than thirty-five years, away from the mud and blood of the Somme to the first night of his first leave in London, with Zeppelins sailing over Piccadilly and a girl in an electric-blue frock singing:

"This is Prince des Etoiles."

As the top of the slotted

A woman stood at the door of the cafe. Even to Mr. Collins' unselective eye she was not a very attractive woman, for her face was a mask of paint, she wore glass earrings that hung to her shoulders, and her age was nearer sixty than fifty. She gave him a smile of infinite languor.

"Allo, you old son-of-a-gun."

"Hullo," said the Licensee of The Hand and Flower.

. . . . . .

Once again Jim followed Marie-Josephe along the cool passage and out into the day. The sunshine was white and dazzling. A few chickens picked in the shade of an old farm-cart resting on its shafts alongside the wall of a barn with a roof of golden tiles. Marie-Josephe crossed the yard and took Siki off his chain. Having reassured himself that this was the same man to whom he had been introduced, Siki wagged his tail.

Marie-Josephe said happily: "You see, he has not forgotten you. Now tell me, do you know anything about calves?"

Jim checked a smile. He said humbly, "I'm always ready to learn."

"I will teach you. Siki, attends moi."

She led the way to a stable and unbolted the door. When his eyes were accustomed to the dimness, Jim saw three very small calves standing almost knee-deep in straw.

Marie-Josephe walked slowly towards the group and put out her hand. One of the tawny calves, after a preliminary sniff, sucked her fingers, and she scratched its head with her left hand, talking to it with a soft, soothing voice. Jim leaned against the door of the stable, watching her. It was a pleasant thing for him to see, and he felt that he had known Marie-Josephe for a very long time. She caught his eye and smiled.

"Each has her name. This one is Petite Etoile, which is 'Small Star,' and this one is Espoir du Matin, 'Hope of the Morning.' The smallest one has not yet a name. All are genisses. I don't know the English word. It means they are all jeunes filles, young ladies."

"Heifers."

"Yes, that is the word. All are heifers. It is very lucky to have heifers. Now would you like to see the father of these two, of Petite Etoile and Espoir? He is a boule."

"A what?"

"A boule."

"Oh! A bull." Jim laughed. "Say 'bull'."

"Boule."

"No. Not like that. B-u-l-l. Bull!"

"Boule. No." She shook her head. "It is impossible for me to say it."

He laughed. "Let him remain a 'boule.' Now, may I see him?"

"Yes, but not to touch. His name is Prince des Etoiles, which is a very grand name and means 'Prince of the Stars.' He is like Siki, very angry with people he does not know, and it would take a long time for him to be your friend. You have so little time. It is very sad."

So little time. . . .

It was with a sense of amazement that Jim realised that only that morning he had been in London. It seemed to him that an eternity of time had passed since then, though now, by strange contradiction, the minutes were racing away.

He was dismayed by the brevity of the space left to him, dismayed and bewildered that it was beyond human power to check, even for one enchanted minute, the awful gallop of the hours.

"This is Prince des Etoiles."

To page 44

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Continuing . . . . The Hand and Flower

from page 43

half-door of the loose-box opened, an enormous bull turned his head slowly and looked at them. He was ringed and had a thick cluster of curls on his forehead. Like that of his daughters, his skin was tawny and shone like silk. Marie-Josephe said: "Do you like him?"

He looked the bull over carefully before replying. His answer was considered and truthful: "He's not bad. Not bad at all. A little heavy on the shoulder, I'd say, but he's well sprung with plenty of heart room. How old is he? Three, three and a half?"

"He is three years and two months." She faced him, her eyes puzzled. "But you said to me that you wished to learn about such things. I believe that you mock yourself of me. You did not say that you knew."

He looked at the bull again, at the gigantic head and wicked, pink-rimmed eyes.

"Do you go into that box with him?"

"Sometimes. But I always wear the same coat when I do. I think that he knows my coat and the . . . the odor of my coat more than he knows me. It is not very flattering. Boules are like that. My father has said these days that I must not go in, but we are friends, this boule and I."

"Your father is quite right. Marie-Josephe, will you make me a promise?"

Startled by his suddenly unsmiling face, she fell back a step.

"What is this promise?"

"That you will never in your life go into that box again alone—or with anybody else, either. And if you take him out, take him on a spreader."

"A 'spreader.' What is this thing, a 'spreader'?"

"A pole with a clip on it that snaps into the ring. You could never hold him with a rope."

"Ah. A 'spreader.' I had forgotten the word, but I know it quite well. Yes, I will promise you."

"Good. At that age, bulls can be infernally dangerous. You won't forget?"

"I won't forget. You may trust me absolutely. Now what else would you like to see?"

"I don't mind. I want to be with you, Marie-Josephe."

"Do you? I am very glad."

He looked at her, frowning.

"It's very queer."

"What's very queer?"

"You are. You are so many different people. I had always thought of you as a little girl, and the first shock I had was when I saw you weren't a little girl any more. When you spoke to me in the Cimetiere de l'Est you knocked the breath out of me. Since then I've seen you in a number of roles, driving a car, being a marvellous cook, being . . . somebody's fiancee, and now I see you talking to calves and being an ass about . . . about 'boules.' Which is the real Marie-Josephe?"

She looked at him steadily.

"And you, Jim, have not changed at all. Not in any way. That is why it is a great joy to have you here."

"It is a great joy for me to be here. But you haven't answered my question. Who is the real Marie-Josephe?"

Who was the real Marie-Josephe?

Up to this morning, up to less than two hours ago, she thought she had known. There had been little enough to know. She darted back across the years, and saw the safe and simple scenes of her childhood pass in swift succession. She saw puppy fat emerging into firm flesh, pinafores becoming frocks, socks becoming stockings, sandals becoming shoes, toi becoming vous.

These changes and a thousand others had happened to her, and she had accepted all of them calmly, aware of, without being awake to, her mounting maturity. Only one thing had happened to disrupt the tranquil rhythm of her girlhood.

The man who stood beside her now had first entered her life in strange guise. He had not been a man at all, but Saint George of England, Saint George in a black beret, Saint George stripped to his sunburned waist, Saint George clattering into her father's orchard in the turret of a Comet tank, Saint George's hand on the barrel of a 77-millimetre gun.

She had included him and his crew in her prayers . . . Nobby, his wireless operator, Mike, his gunner, Mac, his driver.

But then, as the symbolic Saint George had turned into the living Sergeant Jim, the man who helped her to wash the separator in the dairy, the man to whom she sang "Savez-vous planter les choux," she had dropped Nobby and Mike and Mac from her supplications, and Jim had become the sole beneficiary.

At first, Marie-Josephe had begun to be in love with this man because he was an idea. She had gone on to love him with all the inarticulate ardor of an adolescent girl because he was brave and gentle and strong. Then he had gone away. She had hidden herself in an apple tree the day the Lancers had clattered out of her father's freed fields towards the final battles, and watched through the leaves as the tanks took to the roads in dust and thunder.

When they had gone she had climbed down and slowly traced, with her sandalled foot, the bite of their tracks in the grass. It had been a long time before that first tempestuous emotion had died, a long time before her life sank back into its even pattern.

She had met Henri Dubot. At first she had been amused and not a little flattered by his interest in her. Seeing the possibility of a suitable union, Grandmere Berthier had entered the lists on her granddaughter's behalf. Her influence was decisive, and it was not long before Marie-Josephe was showing Henri's ring to her friends and, somewhat dazedly, receiving their congratulations on a most satisfactory engagement.

Henri Dubot was a man of dignity and stature, and it would be, in a material sense, a very good marriage. Once she had got used to the idea, she had been well content to envisage the solid domesticity that lay so securely before her. Soon she would be this man's wife, and the identity of Mademoiselle Marie-Josephe would be submerged in that of Madame Henri Dubot.

She had been discreetly instructed by her mother, and she had hoped that, in the fullness of time, she would bear Henri children. She had therefore accepted the future of marriage with equanimity, and had considered herself to be reasonably knowledgeable.

Now as she looked at Jim Carver, she knew with bewilderment and alarm that her mother's words had meant less than nothing. One might as well try to describe the quality of color to a blind child as to seek to clothe in words something so personal and so intimate.

"Come back, Marie-Josephe. You've been a million miles away."

She shook her head. But it was true. In the space of a few seconds she had travelled a very long way away and entered realms hitherto unknown. Now she was back, and she was a living girl whose movements she controlled with her mind and her brain. She saw Henri Dubot as a shadow seen through gauze. She saw Jim Carver clearly as the man she loved and had always loved. She looked at him without faltering.

"You ask me—who is the real Marie-Josephe? I know now. And I think . . . I think you may know, too, before you return to England."

It seemed for a moment that Jim could not have heard her soft reply, for his fingers went on beating a little uninterrupted tattoo on the half-door. Then all of a sudden his fingers were motionless. The hens still clucked and picked in the shadow under the farm-cart, the hum of flies was a continuous sound in the warm afternoon. Everything was the same and yet everything had changed. It was from a great distance that he heard a man's voice calling.

"Marie-Josephe."

She started and turned and faced the house. Henri Dubot was standing at the door, his hands cupped to his mouth. He called out something, but she couldn't hear the words. She said, "I can't hear. Come and tell me."

"Me? Come to you? Oh, no." He smiled and pointed. "It is better that I rest 'ere. Regard, please, Siki."

The dog was crouched flat against the ground, one wet lip lifted. Marie-Josephe glanced at him and smiled. She called across the yard: "I am sorry. I forgot that you and Siki are not great friends. Jim, please put Siki on his chain."

"Do you really want me to?"

"Yes, I do. Please."

"Good. This is where I press on regardless and start being Daniel again."

He walked confidently to the dog, rubbed his head and led him to the outhouse by his collar. Clipped on his chain. Henri Dubot advanced cautiously. He said, smiling: "You are one of courage, my dear fellow. As for me, I detest that animal there. But detest. Marie-Josephe, your grandmother wishes to speak with you. She 'as gone to 'er room."

"I will go to her at once."

"Per'aps the Sergeant will like to take a liqueur with me, yes? We will wait together for Marie-Josephe and 'ave a nice conversation in English."

"Yes, indeed. Thanks very much."

They walked side by side along the passage. Marie-Josephe had gone on ahead, and Jim could hear her footsteps on the stairs. Henri Dubot poured out two tiny glasses of Benedictine and presented one with a bow.

"Well, cheerio. That is what I learn from my friend Captain Edwards to say always 'cheerio'."

"Cherio."

Henri Dubot sat down and carefuly adjusted the crease in his trousers. He said with great precision: "Marie-Josephe relates to me that you also are fiance, that soon you will marry an English lady."

Jim looked at him sharply. He was smiling with every manifestation of friendly interest. Jim put down his glass. He was suddenly very tired. The heat had all of an instant been drained from the sun and the color of the day. He said slowly: "Yes. That's true. I'm about to be engaged to a girl in London called Cherry Mitchell. . . ."

. . . . . .

By a happy chance the Vicar of Saint Saviour's had chosen as the text for his sermon, "The fruits of the earth and the fullness thereof," and Mr. Mitchell, sitting piously in the seventh pew from the front, wholly approved of his sentiments. In spite of the suitability of the sermon, he was conscious every now and again of a twinge of conscience. Had he done right in locking Cherry up?

After all, she wasn't a little girl any more. She'd be twenty-three Friday. Should he not have talked to her gently, the way the late Mrs. Mitchell would have done? Young people had become more independent nowadays, and it was up to the older ones to make allowances. As well as that, Jim would be home tonight, and Jim was just what

To page 45

Mary's Head of Her Class Now!

HER COLDS DON'T HANG ON ANY MORE!

MARY'S COLDS used to give her a bad time at school. They sapped her strength, and made it so hard to study. Colds kept her home a lot, too. No wonder poor Mary lagged so far behind her class!

THEN MARY'S MOTHER had an idea. "I'll rub her tonight with Vicks VapoRub. They say it fights colds direct and ends colds faster. Maybe that's what Mary needs." And she tried it!

1. DIRECT THROUGH THE SKIN —Like a comforting poultice, VapoRub quickly "drew out" the achy tightness in Mary's chest. She felt so warm and comfy that she promptly fell asleep.

2. DIRECT THROUGH THE NOSE —All night long, Mary breathed in VapoRub's soothing, medicinal vapours. These vapours soothed irritation, made breathing easy, and calmed coughing.

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Mary's colds don't hang on any more. And what a *change* in the girl! She's full of pep and energy, and one of the brightest little girls in her whole school!

Just rub on...

CLEARS THE WHOLE FAMILY'S COLDS

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Continuing . . . . **The Hand and Flower**

from page 44

she needed, a decent, steady man who'd look after her.

Normally of a Sunday morning he paid a brief and dignified visit to the Hand and Flower for a glass of sherry after church. Before the sermon was over, he had decided to forgo this pleasant habit for once. He'd go straight home and attack Cherry's door and pat her on the shoulder and let bygones be bygones, and then they'd go off together to Aunty Flo's. After all, what was it the Vicar had said? "Let not the sun go down on thy wrath." It was a good Christian exhortation, and one which he would surely follow.

He joined in the singing of the final hymn with more than his usual fervor, and hurried home without even stopping to congratulate the Vicar on his morning address.

Mr. Mitchell entered the house by the hall door. At the foot of the stairs, a kindly thought struck him and he turned back and went into the shop. No good doing things by halves. He had remembered that Cherry was always partial to a nice peach, and he picked a specially succulent one from the box he reserved for his special customers. Bearing this olive branch in his hand, he walked upstairs on tiptoe and tapped on Cherry's door.

There was no sound from her room.

Ah, well, sulky . . .

He tapped again and said, "Cherry."

Silence. Maybe she was asleep. Poor kid. And she'd had no breakfast. He knocked a little louder.

"May I come in, dear? It's Dad, and I've got a nice peach for you."

There was no sound. Mr. Mitchell began to feel extraordinarily foolish. A ghastly thought did suddenly into his mind and an icy hand seemed to settle over his heart. She . . . she couldn't have committed suicide. She couldn't. Not Cherry. He hammered on her door and shouted: "I'm opening your door and I'm coming in. Do you hear me?"

In the quiet of Sunday he could hear the buses changing gear up in the Finchley Road. With shaking fingers he groped for the key in his pocket, found it, turned it in the lock and flung the door open.

The room was empty.

He stumbled across to the open window and looked out, fearful of what he expected to see. The yard, thank God, was as empty as her room. He sat down on the bed and drew a long, shuddering breath. Some minutes had passed before he noticed a folded sheet of paper stuck into the corner of the looking-glass. It was a receipt from C. and A. Modes and it was addressed to "Dad." With knees that had turned to water, he crossed the room once again, and took the note and opened it.

Dear Dad,—I am going out with the boy I had a date with. Not that I like him, because I don't. But it's not right for you to lock me in, it's not right. The chop for your dinner is in the frig. From your loving daughter Cherry.

P.S.: The fathers have eaten a sour grape and the children's teeth are set on edge. Jeremiah 31, verse 29.

. . . . . .

Corporal Marvin P. Lewes, United States Air Force, looked with ever-increasing admiration at Cherry Mitchell as she picked delicately at her Russian salad and told him the story of her Sunday morning. Looking at her blinking prettiness and listening to her voice, Marvin had to keep on reminding himself with incredulity that this English girl had literally dropped into his arms.

The extraordinary circumstances of their meeting appealed irresistibly to his innate sense of the romantic. Only three things were wrong. It should have been a castle wall rather than a drain-pipe, his jeep should have been a horse, and Cherry herself should have been a refugee from Stalin.

Marvin was tall, lean-faced, and courteous.

A direct descendant of one of the intrepid pilgrims who put out from Bristol for Plymouth Rock, he called cousin with the family in Somerset whose name he bore. He was a typical New Englander as far as any one individual can represent a group of nine and a half million persons, ranging from the lobster fishermen of Maine to the Brahmins of Boston.

Despite vast divergence in breeding, speech, and occupation, certain well-defined characteristics not only remained constant but even hardened over the centuries, and Marvin was heir to them all. He believed in work, thrift, honesty, and physical endurance. He had three fierce, indivisible loyalties, which came in this order: Maine, New England, the United States—and if indeed the Pilgrim Fathers first fell on their knees and then on the aborigines, they did it because of an entrenched and very proper sense of duty.

He was a studious, serious man with a taste for guide-books and parish registers, and this was the first time he had ever entertained any Englishwoman even remotely approximating to Cherry's age and appearance. He found the experience exhilarating. He had taken tea with antiquarian spinsters in Stratford-on-Avon and consumed nut cutlets with the widow of the incumbent of Coombedown. He had been shown the Oxford colleges by a don's sister, and the Cambridge colleges by an elderly archaeologist in sandals and a fringed shawl.

Cherry was something quite new, and her story summoned up all that shy chivalry of which he was secretly a little ashamed. To Cherry's cinematically tutored eye, he looked a little like Gary Cooper. This resemblance did not stop at his personal appearance, for, by an odd coincidence, he seemed to have a number of Mr. Cooper's more engaging mannerisms.

When her voice stopped, he said, with the last remnants of suspicion fading: "Are you quite sure your Pop is not a Communist?"

"Quite sure. Actually, Dad always votes for Mr. Churchill. But it wasn't right of him to lock me in. I'll be twenty-three Friday."

"I'll say it wasn't right! Do you know what it says in the American Declaration of Independence?"

"No. At least, not exactly."

"Well, listen to this." He cleared his throat and began with great solemnity: "It says 'that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that amongst these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness'. Those, Cherry, are the words of Thomas Jefferson, spoken on the 4th day of July, 1776."

"How did he know?" said Cherry with interest.

"How did who know what?"

"How did Mr. . . . Mr. Jefferson know what God had endowed people with? Dad says that this world is meant to be a vale of tears."

"Then, with great respect, Cherry, your Pop can't have been to the United States, nor can he know the American Way-of-Life."

"No, that's true. Dad's never been abroad." It occurred to Cherry that there might be an implied criticism of England in what Marvin had said, and she rose at once to the defence of her country. "As a matter of fact," she said tardy, "we have a thing like that, too, but we don't blame God for it. It's called 'Magna Carta,' and I learned about it at school."

"Magna Carta is a most noble document." Marvin felt in his pocket and took out a little blue reference book and spun the pages expertly. "That Magna Carta is a noble document, I would be the last to deny." He read aloud in a deep, sonorous voice:

"'John, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and Count of Anjou . . . to His Faithful Subjects, greetings. . . . We have also granted to all the freemen of our kingdom, for us and our heirs for ever, all the unwritten liberties, to have and to hold, them and their heirs, of us and our heirs . . .'

"That was written on the 15th day of June, 1215."

"It's very pretty," said Cherry. "Like poetry. What does it mean?"

"Same thing as our Declaration of Independence."

"But ours came first," said Cherry. "I mean, it did, didn't it?"

"Yes, Miss Cherry. Yours came first." This was a girl of spirit, and he admired her for it. He admired her more and more with every passing minute. He offered her a cigarette from a paper packet, flipping the bottom of the packet so that the cigaretet jumped out. His fingers were slim and dexterous as he lit her cigarette and then his own. He leaned forward.

"Tell me one thing," he said. "Before your Pop locked you up, why didn't you go to your Mom?"

"I haven't got a . . . a . . . Mom. She died years ago. And I call what you call my 'Pop' my 'Dad'."

"No Mom!" Marvin shook his head slowly. "Poor kid. That certainly is tough."

It was with a reinforced gush of sympathy that Marvin considered Cherry. To be the victim of a brutal father was bad enough, but to be without a Mom was the ultimate cruelty. To be deprived of a silver-haired lady in a rocking-chair, with an accommodating shoulder and an all-embracing philosophy was too much.

His generous heart warmed to this courageous orphan. And she was pretty, pretty as a picture. She certainly was. He became aware that the band was playing "The Blue Danube" and realised for the first time that "The Blue Danube" was his favorite waltz.

Outside the sun shone on London, and to him, Marvin P. Lewes, had been vouchsafed the honor of saving this beautiful girl who might easily have fallen and broken her neck if he hadn't been there—in the nick of time. His mood of sympathy was replaced by one of masculine protectiveness and that, in its turn, by one of stern decision. He said in incisive tones: "You say you've got a date this afternoon?"

Cherry blinked. This was a new Marvin P. Lewes, and a much more pleasing one than the man with swimmy eyes. Much. She said in a small voice: "Well, yes. I suppose I have. In a way."

"With the guy with the motor-bike?"

"Yes."

"Ditch him," said Marvin curtly. "He's just a wolf."

When Marvin got moving, he certainly went places. And he was quite right, too. Stan was a wolf. Funny she'd never realised it before. She'd always had a hidden hankering after masterful men—if they were kind as well—and Marvin was kind. She said meekly: "Very well, Marvin. Just as you say."

"Right. That's that. Now tell me about the other guy, the one who left you alone and went off to France."

"Jim. Well, his name's Jim Carver and he's the steady sort. He's not a wolf like Stan. I don't think Jim's the sort who ever goes for young ladies much. It isn't only me. I don't think he goes for any young ladies. He's only really interested in the country really—the country and cows."

"Drink up your coffee," said Marvin, "and we'll get out of this dump into God's fresh air."

"Very well, Marvin."

The only three cities in the United States that Cherry had heard much about were New York, Chicago, and Hollywood, and she had acquired her less than elementary knowledge of these from the screen. New York had the Statue of Liberty and skyscrapers, Chicago had gangsters and slaughter-houses, and Hollywood had film stars. The only live Americans she had ever had the chance to ignore frigidly were the playful G.I.s who frequent Piccadilly Circus.

Americans, therefore, were either District Attorneys (who were good) or tough guys (who were bad) or cowboys (who were mainly good—especially if they were sheriffs). All had a deep respect for their mothers. It was a frightening and stimulating thought to Cherry that Marvin fitted into only the last of these categories.

She had always had a contempt for those of her Anglo-Saxon sisters who hung around on the arms of top-sergeants whose stripes were upside down, anyway. What was wrong with an English boy from the Eighth Army? You knew where you were with an English boy.

The bewildering thought came to her that she knew equally well where she was with Marvin.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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How to pick a Dependable Winter Medicine

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Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2533.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make briefs. Sizes S.S.W, S.W., and W. for 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist. Requires 2yd. 36in. material, plus 4yds. ½in. lace edging. Special price, 2/-.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060 G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 48-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F2528.—Smart sleeveless tennis dress styled with an all-round pleated skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2529.—Tailored raincoat. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material. Price, 4/6.

F2530.—A pretty lace-trimmed lingerie set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires, nightgown, 4½yds. 36in. material, ⅝yd. 36in. lace, and 4yds. 10in. lace flouncing; slip, 2¼yds. 36in. material, ⅝yd. 36in. lace, and 2¼yds. 8in. lace flouncing; scanties, 1½yds. 36in. material and 2¼yds. 3in. lace edging. Price complete, 4/9.

F2531.—Shirt-waist style frock with all-round box-pleated skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2532.—Softly styled one-piece with batwing bodice top and flared skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 443—HOUSE-FROCK

A practical crossover design, obtainable cut out ready to make in summer breeze haircord. The color choice includes green, pink, red, yellow, navy, and sky-blue, all printed with a white pin-spot.

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NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over £/21 sent by registered post.

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The cover is clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen. Size, 18in. by 18in. Price, 10/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 445—CORONATION TABLE-RUNNER

The runner is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen. Size, 11in. by 36in. Price, 9/11. Postage, 7d. extra.

No. 446—GIRL'S OR BOY'S LONG OVERALLS

The tailored overalls are obtainable cut out ready to make in British headcloth. The color choice includes saxe-blue, pink, natural, lemon, and grey. The rabbit applique is supplied in a contrasting shade.

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A Busy Day Menu

By Our Food & Cookery Experts

● Most of this menu can be prepared well before it is required, so keep it for some occasion on which you will be too busy to spend much time in the kitchen. Alternative recipes for meat and sweets are also given.

MENU
(Illustrated at right.)
Beef piquante
Carrot straws, peas, Anna potatoes
Creamed rice shape with apricot sauce
Coffee

BEEF PIQUANTE

Two to 2½lb. topside steak, cut in one piece, 2 or 3 tablespoons fat, flour, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 3 large tomatoes, skinned and sliced, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper or 2 stalks chopped celery.

Season steak with salt and pepper, coat lightly with flour. Brown well on both sides in hot fat, drain nearly all the fat off. Spread top of meat with mustard. Place bay leaf on top, sprinkle with celery salt. Cover meat completely with tomatoes, sprinkle with green pepper or celery. Cover closely and cook in moderate oven until meat is quite tender, 2½ to 3 hours.

ANNA POTATOES

Choose medium potatoes of uniform size. Scrub and dry, peel and cut crosswise into thin slices. Dry thoroughly with a clean tea-towel. Grease a fireproof dish or small cake-tin. Place potato slices on bottom of dish or tin in overlapping circles. Dust with salt and pepper, sprinkle with melted butter or substitute.

Repeat layers in the same way until the dish is full. Cover and bake in hot oven approximately 30 to 40 minutes. Drain off any surplus butter and keep for use on vegetables at another meal. Turn moulded potatoes on to hot dish, garnish with parsley. If preferred, the potato slices may be parboiled for 5 to 10 minutes before packing into dish.

CREAMED RICE SHAPE WITH APRICOT SAUCE

One cup rice, boiling salted water, thin piece lemon rind, ¾ pint warm water, 6 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Wash rice thoroughly, cover with boiling salted water. Add lemon rind and cook quickly 20 minutes. Drain thoroughly. Add dry powdered milk whipped into warm water, and sugar. Cook over very low heat, stirring frequently, until very thick. Remove from heat, add butter or substitute, vanilla and lemon juice. Fill into mould, chill 1 to 1½ hours. Unmould on to serving dish, surround with apricot halves, pour apricot sauce over.

Apricot Sauce: Into a saucepan place 1 cup syrup from apricots, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 1 dessertsoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 teaspoons arrowroot blended with some of the syrup. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 minutes. Color slightly if liked, allow to become cold before pouring over rice shape.

CRUMBED VEAL STEAK

One pound veal steak, lemon, pepper and salt, 1 egg, about 2 tablespoons milk, breadcrumbs, finely grated cheese.

Cut the veal into small, thin slices and season with lemon juice, pepper and salt, and stand half an hour after seasoning. Dip in beaten egg and milk and then coat with a mixture of breadcrumbs and cheese. Fry in a small quantity of hot fat in a shallow pan, turning frequently, until cooked through and well browned, 7 to 10 minutes. Arrange on hot dish in overlapping slices.

ORANGE CUP CUSTARDS

Three-quarters pint milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind of 1 orange, ½ cup stale cake crumbs or soft breadcrumbs.

Place quarter of cake or bread crumbs in the bottom of each of 4 greased custard cups. Warm the milk and butter, beat in powdered milk and sugar. Add beaten eggs and grated orange rind. Pour into custard cups. Stand in saucepan with sufficient boiling water to come 1-3rd way up the cups. Cover with greased paper, steam gently 15 to 20 minutes or until lightly set. Serve hot or cold.

IRISH STEW WITH VEGETABLES

One and a half pounds of neck chops, 2 tablespoons flour, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 pint water, 6 small whole onions, 1 carrot, large piece of swede, 5 medium potatoes, chopped parsley.

Wipe and trim chops, remove gristle and excess fat. Coat lightly with flour, pepper and salt. Place in saucepan with a small quantity of the water. Sprinkle with balance of flour, add remaining water. Cover, bring quickly to the boil. Reduce heat, simmer gently ½ hour. On top of meat place peeled onions, carrot, and swede cut into chunky pieces, and peeled potatoes cut in halves. Replace lid, continue to cook very gently 1 hour. Serve sprinkled thickly with parsley.

BRAISED STEAK AND CELERY

One and a half pounds steak (round, topside, chuck, or skirt), 3 medium-sized onions, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ pint water, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 3 or 4 sticks celery.

Wipe and trim steak, cut into cubes, coat with seasoned flour. Brown well in hot fat, remove. Add sliced onions and brown, remove. Stir in any remaining flour and allow to brown, then add liquids, and salt and pepper to taste. When boiling transfer to casserole, with meat and onion. Cover and cook in moderate oven ½ hour. Remove lid, add well-washed celery cut into pieces about 2in. long. Replace lid, continue cooking 1 to 1½ hours longer.

RHUBARB CRUMBLE

One bunch rhubarb, ½ cup water, ¾ cup sugar, thin piece of lemon rind, ¾ cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons coconut.

Wash rhubarb, prepare in the usual way. Place in casserole, sprinkle thickly with the sugar, add lemon rind and water. Cover closely, cook 15 minutes in moderate oven. Drain off surplus syrup and reserve. Prepare topping. Sift flour and baking powder, rub in butter or substitute, add brown sugar and coconut. Mix well. Sprinkle over rhubarb, leave uncovered, and bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes until crumbly and brown. Serve hot with cream or custard.

(All spoon measurements in these recipes are level.)

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BRAN FLAKES

SAVORY scone ring, served either hot or cold, will be popular—especially with the men-folk. Quantities in the prizewinning recipe below may be halved to make a smaller ring.

Readers' prize recipes

Cheese, gherkins, and pickled onions flavor the savory tea ring which wins this week's £5 prize in our recipe contest.

CUT into chunky pieces and spread with butter, or served hot and freshly made without butter, it makes an appetising change for morning or afternoon tea.

A quick-mix one-egg ginger cake and orange nut muffins win consolation prizes. Both these recipes are good standbys for lunch-boxes.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY TEA RING

Twelve ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Filling: One tablespoon melted shortening, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 or 3 gherkins, 2 or 3 pickled onions, 1 cup grated cheese.

Sift flour, salt and pepper, rub in shortening. Mix to a scone dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to oblong shape ¾in. thick. Melt shortening for filling, add curry powder, brush over scone dough. Sprinkle with finely chopped gherkins and onions and grated cheese, reserving 1 tablespoon cheese. Glaze edges, roll up, starting to roll from longest side. Join in a ring, place on greased tray. Glaze with milk, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Snip with kitchen scissors at 1½in. intervals, cutting nearly through to centre of ring. Turn each section sideways so that filling shows. Bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to M. E. Congdon, 32 Downing St., Brighton, S.A.

ONE-EGG GINGER CAKE

Two cups plain flour, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 2 dessertspoons ginger, 4 tablespoons good shortening, ¾ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

Sift flour, salt, ginger, and spice, rub in shortening, add sugar. Fold in syrup mixed with egg and milk. Lastly fold in soda dissolved in boiling water. Fill into greased slab-tin, bake in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour. When cold may be iced with lemon icing and topped with coconut.

Consolation Prize of £1 to to Mrs. W. W. Stenzel, Hayes St., Brassall, Ipswich, Qld.

ORANGE NUT MUFFINS

Two tablespoons softened butter or substitute, 6 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 eggs, 1¾ cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, ¾ cup milk, ¼ cup orange juice, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Cream shortening with sugar and orange rind. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk and orange juice. Add nuts and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in greased muffin-tins or patty-tins in moderate oven 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Taylor, Princes Highway, Drouin, Vic.

Diet for toddlers

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE diet for a baby in its second year should be given as much thought and attention as in the 6-to-12 months-old period.

If there is any difficulty in feeding, due perhaps to lack of appetite at teething times, no attempt should be made to coax or bribe the child into eating.

Helpful hints and recipes can be obtained in leaflet form from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney. (A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.)

Copies of the parentcraft book "You and Your Baby," which contains a chapter of useful recipes and detailed instructions for children's diet from the age of six months to five years, can be obtained from the same address. Price, 8/6, plus 9d. postage.

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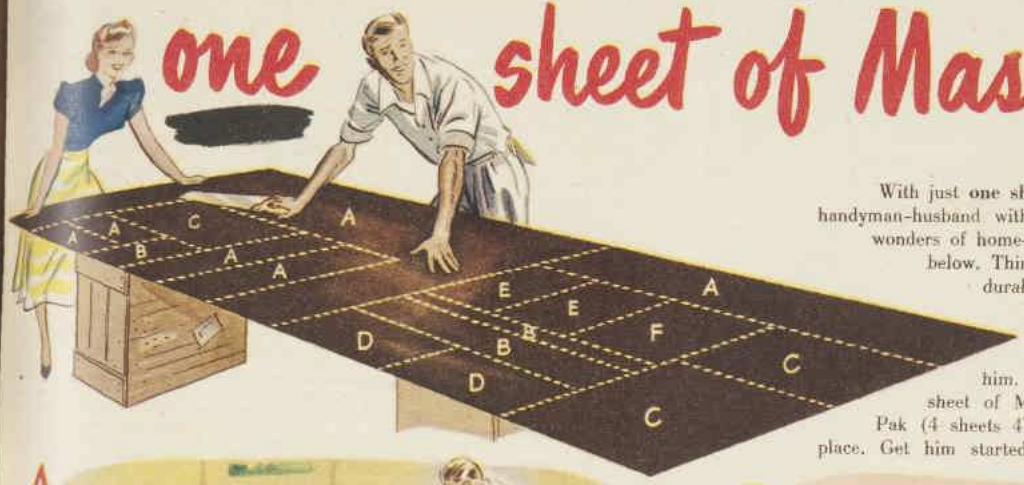

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E

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F

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Continuing . . . Summer Sweetheart

from page 3

make it—if she has to put off her grandmother's funeral," Janie said sharply.

And that was the start of Liz Dale's career as a model.

As soon as Stan had printed his first test shots he elected Liz his Summer Sweetheart. This meant that she became the fashion model of the year. Stan had started the Sweetheart idea as a publicity stunt five years before, when he had been given a number of contracts for summer fashion series by national magazines and advertising agencies.

Each year he chose one model and used her for his most important photographs.

She received countless fan letters and columns of publicity. For one season she was surrounded by glamor and ballyhoo, but at the end of the year Stan dropped her from his model file as suddenly as he had picked her up.

"Models are no good the second year," he claimed. "I use 'em when they're young and fresh. After a year the public is sick of the sight of them—and so am I. Someone else can have 'em."

If she was a sensible girl, therefore, she soon realised the show was over, found herself a husband, and settled down.

If she was foolish, she drifted on, searching for jobs, her face becoming unattractive as she sank unwillingly back into obscurity.

This is what Janie hoped would happen to Liz, but which, after three months' acquaintance, she was afraid would not. It seemed highly likely, in fact, that she would remain Stan Gifford's permanent Summer Sweetheart — and that was what caused those sharp pins to stray from the folds of a satin blouse and bury themselves in Liz's back.

The job Stan, Liz, and Janie were on now was a series of photographs of sportswear for an overseas magazine. They had travelled in Stan's car to a fashionable seaside resort, where Liz was being photographed against sleek backgrounds, sitting gracefully on a patio or beside a tile swimming-pool.

They were due to spend five days at Pine Beach and had decided to combine pleasure with business.

It should have been perfect, but for Janie it was torture. When they weren't working, Stan spent his time gazing at Liz, responding eagerly to her vapid chatter, while Janie sat in an irritated silence a few yards away.

At night, although he danced punctiliously with each in turn, she felt he found dancing with her a chore.

She became more miserable as the days wore on. She decided she would not have minded Stan's infatuation quite so much if Liz had been a little more intelligent.

"She has nothing—but nothing!—except her looks," Janie thought miserably. "Talks about her career as though it's a religion, too. I bet she even thinks she should be on the films. She's not a bit grateful to Stan for all he's done for her, really."

Now, hair adjusted and make-up right, Liz lay sprawling in the sunlight, very glamorous in a check sundress with a long stole.

Stan, coming up to them, whistled when he saw Liz. She fluttered her eyelashes at him. Janie writhed.

"Okay," he said briskly, coming to attention after viewing her from several angles, "Liz, you're up a tree for this next shot." He pointed to a broad branch halfway up a spreading tree, overlooking the water.

"I'll give you a leg up and tell you what to do. Janie, you climb up there after her and fix her clothes."

It took them half an hour to get Liz settled as Stan wanted. She was half-sitting, half-lying along the branch, gazing across the water, her lips slightly parted and a dreamy expression in her eyes.

When everything was ready Janie was dishevelled and tired. She flopped on the ground as Stan said: "Ready, Liz?"

He took several variations of the same pose, then Liz changed into a brief yellow swimsuit for another series before he called a halt.

"We'll take the afternoon off, girls," he announced. "Thanks, Liz, you've done a good job."

They piled clothes and cameras into Stan's car and drove back to the hotel.

"See you on the terrace for a drink in half an hour," he said. "Then we'll have lunch and a swim this afternoon."

"Wonderful, darling," said Liz, patting his cheek.

Janie had washed and changed while Liz was still wondering what lipstick to use. Stan had not arrived when she went on to the hotel terrace, so she settled at a table and ordered a drink.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," she dreamed, "if Lizzy would fall over a cliff one dark night, or into a vat of boiling oil, or even get herself married — as long as it isn't to Stan."

She amused herself imagining further unpleasant fates for Liz, and was so happily occupied she jumped when a hand touched her shoulder lightly. A tall, well-built man was smiling down at her.

"Brian!" she shrieked. "Brian Lane! How perfectly marvellous! What on earth are you doing here?"

"Relaxing, my dear," he said, kissing her on the cheek. "I'm giving myself a vacation for ten days — arrived this morning. What are you doing here?"

"I'm nurse-maiding a stupid model and a lovesick photographer. Brian, tell me all the news. How are the films? I'm overwhelmed to be talking to anyone as famous as you!"

"Don't be a dope, darling," he said as he settled into a cane chair. "How long is it since we've seen each other?"

Brian Lane, at 38, was rapidly achieving a reputation as a brilliant film producer. Dark and good-looking, he had known Janie since she was a baby, and had been her confidant as she grew up.

"It must have been five years ago," she told him. "Remember, it was my seventeenth birthday and you were home visiting your family? You took me to dinner, and dancing afterwards—my first visit to a night-club."

His eyes appraised her.

"And a skinny little thing you were, too. You had too much lipstick on and it came off all over my face when I kissed you good-night."

"It wouldn't now. I've learnt a few things since then!"

"I'll bet! My child, you've grown into a beauty. I didn't think you had it in you. And what do you do for a living?"

Janie told him about her work with Stan, and about Liz.

"This sounds as though it could be the good old triangle," he said when she had finished. "You wouldn't be in love with the photographer, would you?"

"I would."

FOR THE CHILDREN

"And you're letting yourself be beaten by a blonde? This isn't the Janie I knew!"

"Wait till you see the blonde! And you won't have to wait long—here she comes, with Stan."

Brian surveyed Liz critically as she walked towards them across the terrace.

"She's a looker," he said. "A good clothes-horse."

He rose as the other two came up, and Janie introduced them. Liz turned on her charm as soon as she realised she was meeting the Brian Lane. Stan glared at Brian, scenting a rival. After a couple of drinks they went in to lunch.

"Why don't you join us, Brian?" Janie suggested.

"Oh, yes," cooed Liz. "I do want to hear some more of your fascinating stories."

After lunch they wandered down to the beach, where Liz attached herself to Brian like a winkle to a rock.

For the next three days she concentrated exclusively on him. To Janie's satisfaction, he did not seem to be over-impressed, but divided his attention between the three of them. Undeterred, Liz battled on, sure she would achieve her goal.

Janie knew exactly what she was after. Here was bigger game than a photographer. As a means of breaking into modelling Stan had been useful, but now she had her eyes on greater heights—and Brian was the means of reaching them.

Meanwhile Stan sulked like a naughty schoolboy. He was rude to Brian, who appeared not to notice, and he ignored all Janie's efforts at comfort, treating her with his usual businesslike politeness.

Too proud to plead with Liz for more attention, he disguised his hurt by shouting at her angrily for the slightest deflection from his orders.

The day before they were due to leave Pine Beach, Janie

To page 53

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Continuing . . . **Summer Sweetheart**

from page 52

and Brian were lying on the sands after a swim. Liz and Stan were off working somewhere.

"Brian, what's the matter with me?" Janie said despairingly. "Liz's game couldn't be more obvious, but I believe Stan is so crazy about her he'd crawl back if she raised her little finger in his direction."

Brian shrugged. "Man has no sense."

"Sweet of you to say so—but it doesn't help much. Anyhow, forget it. Maybe you could fall in love with me instead."

"I know you too well, my lamb, and, what's more, I'm too old."

She started to protest, but he stopped her.

"No need to be polite, Janie. I've got a better idea than that, anyway."

"What is it?"

"Tell you to-night. You haven't forgotten your farewell dinner, have you?"

"Of course not. Where are we going?"

"I thought we'd drive out to that night-club on the sea road."

"Sounds lovely. I'll wear my best dress," said Janie.

That night, with Stan and Liz, they drove in Brian's car to the Shoreview night-club, a smart, secluded haunt of the wealthy.

In the car Liz had managed without much trouble to manoeuvre herself into the front seat with Brian. This left Janie and Stan together in the back, which would have been fine, from Janie's point of view, except that Stan was in a foul temper.

At Shoreview Brian ordered a table on the dance-floor, far enough removed from the orchestra to enable them to talk in comfort.

Liz leant against him languorously as he helped her off with her fur stole.

"Ah. I'm so tired!" she sighed. "It's just heaven, Brian darling, to be able to relax—with you."

"Can't imagine why you should be tired," remarked Stan. "Can't be the amount of work you've done to-day."

She glared at him, then smiled up at Brian.

"How would you like to work for a machine?" she asked him. "I'll bet you wouldn't expect your actresses to achieve the impossible, Brian. Stan actually made me hang upside down from a parallel-bar all the afternoon just to show off a swimsuit, and he's not satisfied yet! My poor little back's nearly broken!"

A waiter came up before Brian could reply, and set a silver bucket containing a bottle of champagne encased in ice on the table.

"Darling, how lovely!" Liz shrieked. "My favorite drink!"

"Would you mind if I had a beer?" Stan asked, coldly.

"Not at all. Have what you like. I'll join you. This is for the girls—and because I hope to be celebrating something."

Liz leaned forward eagerly.

"What is it, darling?"

He waited until the waiter had poured their drinks.

"I've a film coming up with a part for a young, unknown actress," he began. "We've been searching for months for the right girl. I think I've found her during the last week."

"Brian!" breathed Liz.

Janie looked around the table. Only Brian was relaxed. Liz's hands were clasped tightly together, her eyes wide and eager. Stan was staring from Brian to Liz.

Brian picked up his glass.

"May we drink a toast to the girl who will, I hope, be my new star?"

He paused, enjoying the tense silence.

"To Janie!"

The three others gasped together.

"Oh, no!" cried Janie. Liz and Stan were speechless.

"I mean it, Janie. You're the type I've been looking for."

"Brian, you're crazy. I'm not a film-star type at all!"

"I'm not often wrong."

Of the other two, Stan regained his voice first.

"Janie — in pictures! She couldn't possibly."

"Why not?"

"Well . . . I don't know. She's—she's too little."

Brian laughed. "That's the least of her worries. Her figure's well-proportioned. Look at the beautiful bones in her face. Janie has the kind of looks that will last as long as she lives. I wonder you haven't noticed it, Stan. You photographers are supposed to have an eye for beauty."

Stan surveyed her thoughtfully.

"Mm—but she couldn't possibly do it. She works for me!" he said decisively.

"Will you both stop talking about me as though I'm a block of wood!" Janie cried. "And what's more, Stan Gifford, I'm resigning here and now. If Brian wants me to work for him, I'm going."

Stan turned to her. He was angry now.

"You're crazy. I thought you had more sense, but you're just like all the others—a silly little screen-struck fool!"

"I am not! How dare you talk to me like that—after I've been working for you for two whole years without the slightest sign of appreciation or gratitude!"

They glared at each other.

Liz, who had been sitting beside Brian, ignored and open-mouthed, suddenly recovered her voice.

"And what about me!" she shrilled. "How about a part for me?"

"I'm afraid there isn't anything for you at the moment, Liz," Brian said gently. "You're entirely the wrong type for the part."

"Why, you two-timing rat!" she hissed, all refinement and sweetness gone.

With her narrowed eyes and lips tightened most of her beauty had disappeared, too.

"You — you stinker!" she went on. "You've been leading me on ever since you met me and now you offer a part to this insignificant little secretary! How dare you!"

"I have not been leading you on. You've been leading me on, as a matter of fact. I'm sorry, Liz, but Janie has the background, intelligence, and ability I want."

"And I suppose I'm not intelligent! I suppose you call modelling for a lot of crack-pot photographers easy!"

"I didn't say that."

"You movie maniaac! Here I've been wasting my time being nice to you and this is the reward. All right. You can keep your parts and your screen-tests. I wouldn't work for you if you paid me a thousand pounds a week!"

"I haven't asked you to, my dear," he pointed out.

In an excess of disappointed rage she lifted her hand and slapped his face. Then she stalked off towards the door.

Brian rubbed his reddening face and looked apologetically at Stan and Janie.

"That got a bit out of hand, I'm afraid," he said. "I didn't realise she'd take it so badly."

Suddenly Janie giggled.

"I'm sorry, darling, but you look so funny. Couldn't you give her a part as a lady boxer? With that punch she'd be perfect!"

He began to laugh.

Janie giggled again, and even Stan smiled. In a moment the three of them were almost hysterical with laughter.

Brian gasped for breath.

"Well, at least we've cleared the air! Now I suppose I should go and look for Liz. She's probably started to walk home — feeling thoroughly sorry for herself. I'll try to calm her down and bring her back."

Janie and Stan sat on in an awkward silence.

"Er . . . Janie. I'm sorry for the way I spoke to you," Stan said, after a moment.

"It's all right. I'm sorry, too. I didn't really mean what I said, Stan, but when you yelled at me I couldn't help yelling back."

Her hand lay on the table between them. Stan covered it with his. He was staring at her as though he had never seen her before.

"You are beautiful, Janie. I must have been mad not to have seen it before. I suppose you meant what you said about resigning, though?"

She drew her hand away.

"Why not?"

"Janie, I don't want to lose you."

"You'll find another secretary easily enough."

"Secretary? Sure, that won't be difficult. But I don't want you to go away."

"What about Liz?"

He had the grace to blush.

"I've been a fool, haven't I? There isn't much I can say about that, honey, except that during the last few days I've seen what a phony she is — though I didn't realise it entirely until to-night. Could you give me another chance?"

"I'd give you a hundred chances!" she said, softly.

Other night-club patrons watched, fascinated, then, as a sandy-haired, young man, oblivious of onlookers, leapt from his chair, picked up a little dark girl in his arms, and kissed her thoroughly.

He held her away from him for a second.

"No film-acting?" he asked.

"No film-acting," she told him, firmly. "I was always meant to be a nonentity, anyway!"

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